

10¢



DEC.

LIGHTNING

COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"LASH" LIGHTNING

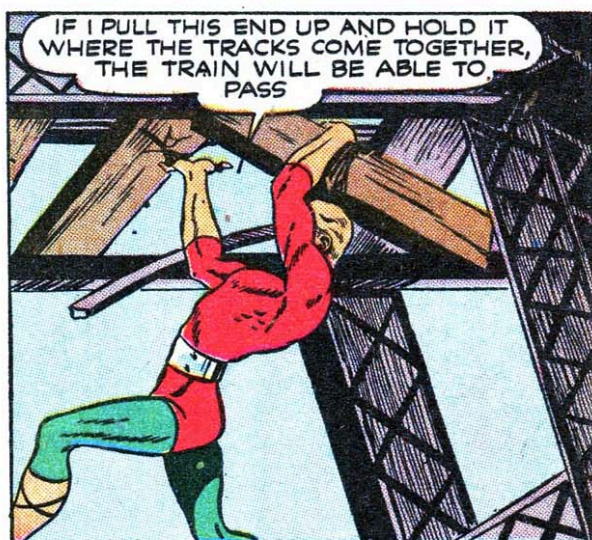
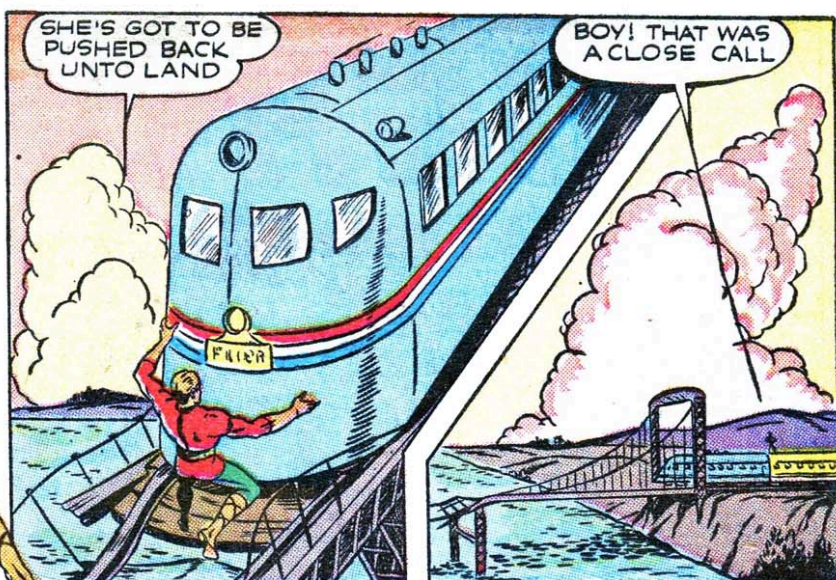
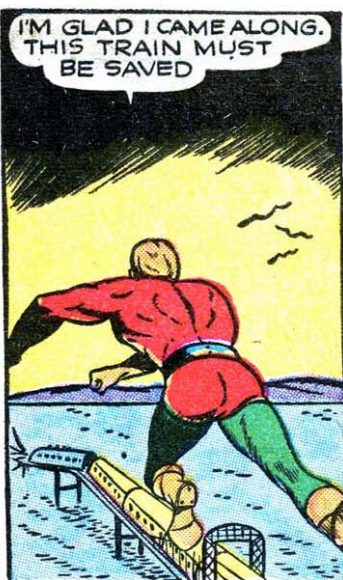
LIGHTNING HAS ACQUIRED THE FORCE AND ENERGY OF NATURAL LIGHTNING. IT IS WITH THE AID OF THESE POWERS THAT HE BATTLES EVIL AND CRIME FOSTERED BY A SINISTER MAD GENIUS, THE MASTERMIND

Jim Mooney

A STREAMLINED TRAIN CARRYING MUNITIONS FOR CANADA SPEEDS TOWARD THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.

WHEN SUDDENLY





THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING
CREATED BY THE MAD SCIENTIST
HAS NO EFFECT

THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE
THE WORK OF MASTER MIND



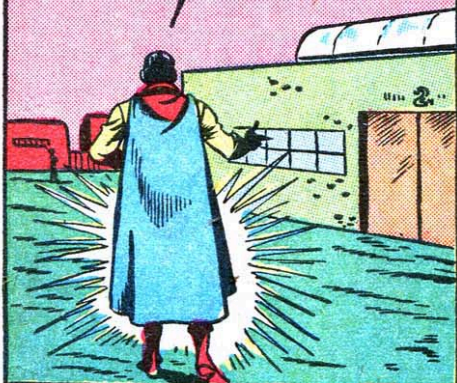
MASTERMIND MAKES USE
OF HIS POWER TO PROJECT
HIMSELF ANYWHERE AT
WILL

THE GERMAN SUB,
ZX 26 IS WAITING OFF
THE COAST OF MAINE.
I'LL PROJECT MYSELF
THERE

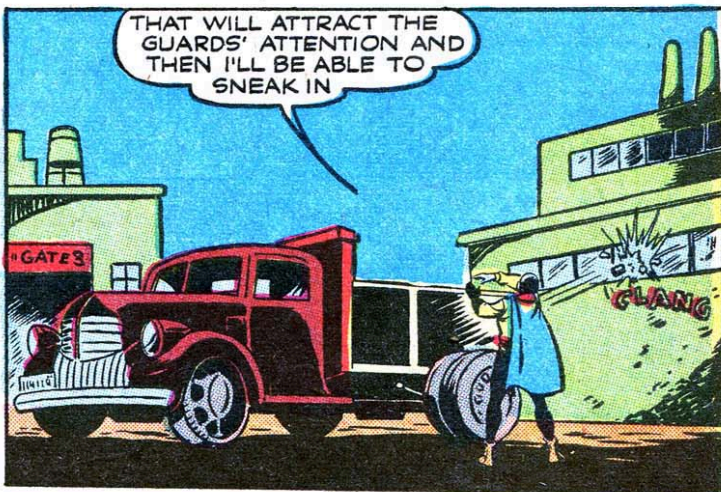


HE PROJECTS HIMSELF TO
A WAREHOUSE IN QUEBEC
WHERE SUPPLIES ARE STORED

NO ONE CAN INTERFERE
WITH MY PLANS. I'LL STOP
THESE SHIPMENTS IF IT
IS THE LAST THING I DO



THAT WILL ATTRACT THE
GUARDS' ATTENTION AND
THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO
SNEAK IN

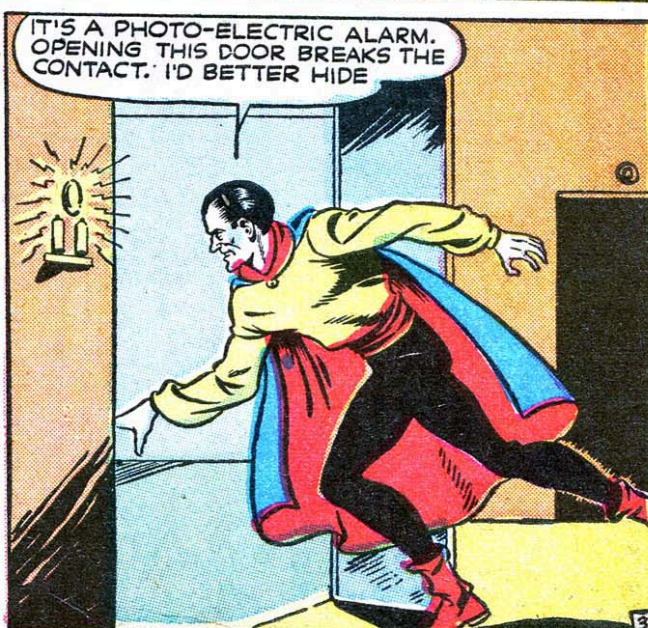


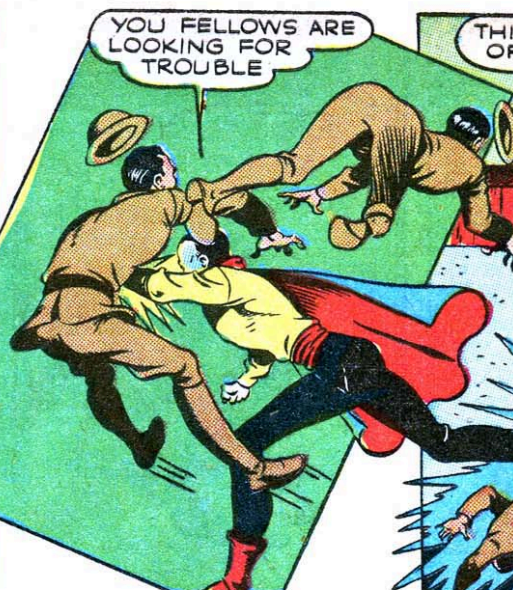
WHAT WAS
THAT?

THAT WAS A
CLEVER TRICK

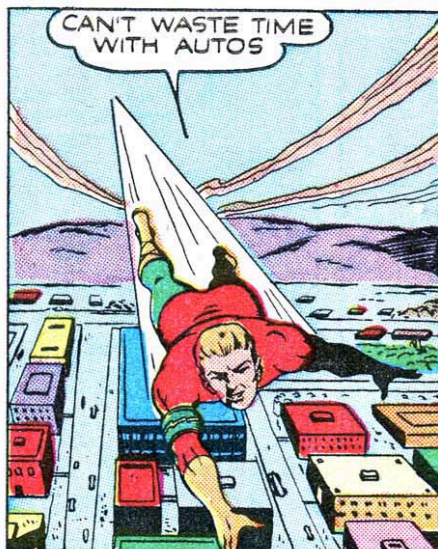
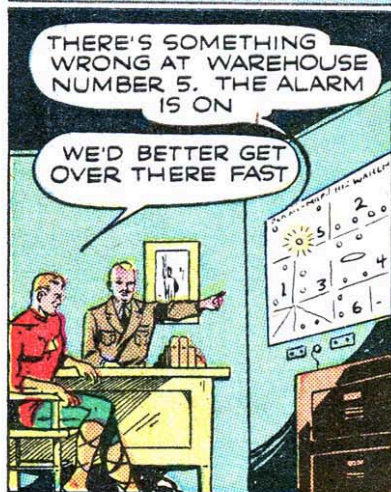


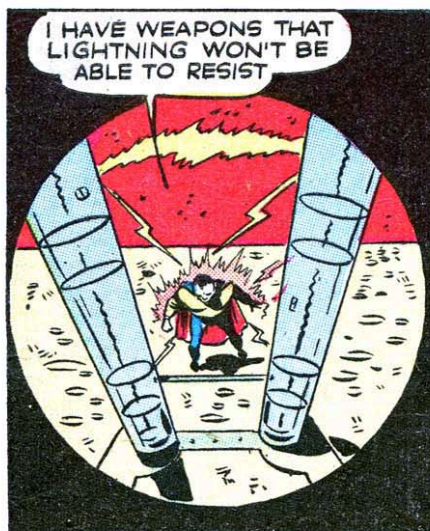
IT'S A PHOTO-ELECTRIC ALARM.
OPENING THIS DOOR BREAKS THE
CONTACT. I'D BETTER HIDE

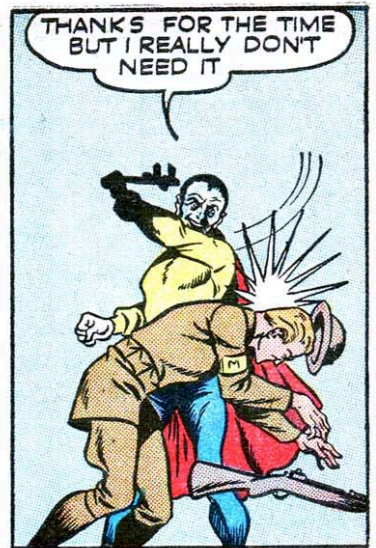




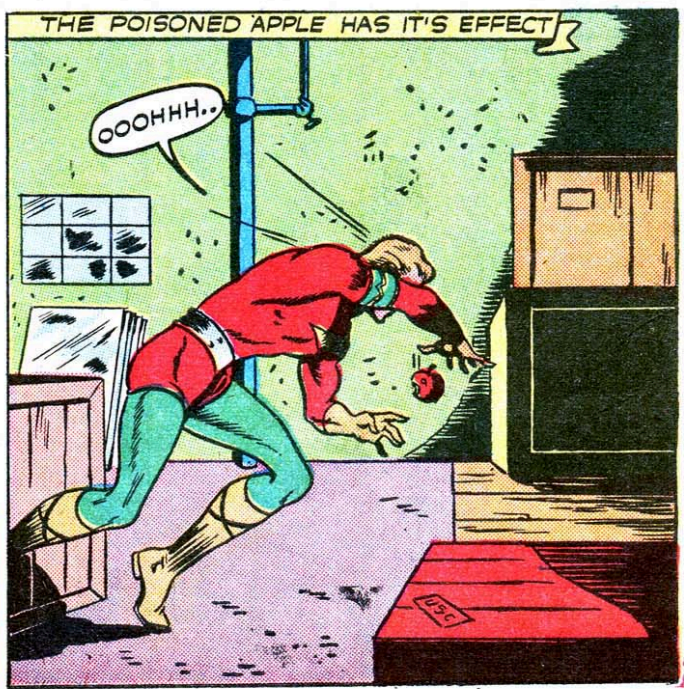
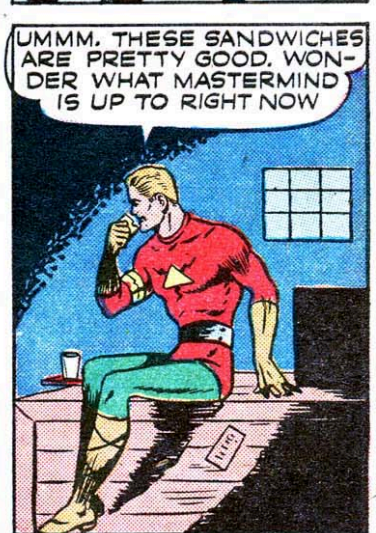
JUST THEN AT CANADIAN GENERAL HEADQUARTERS..

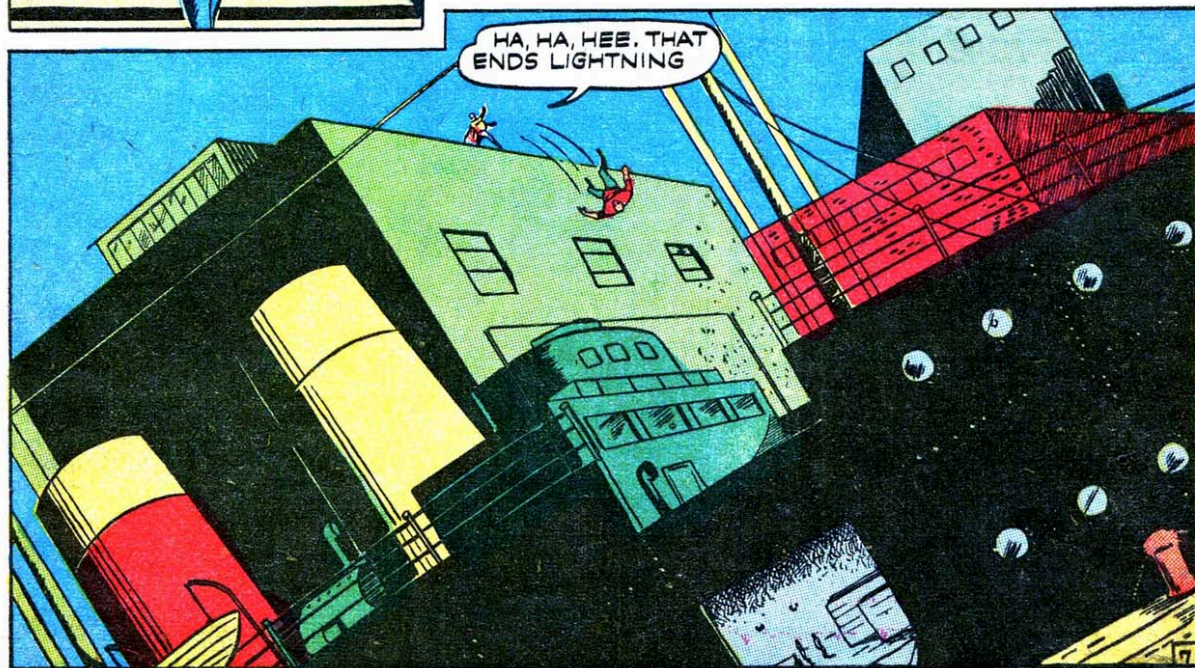
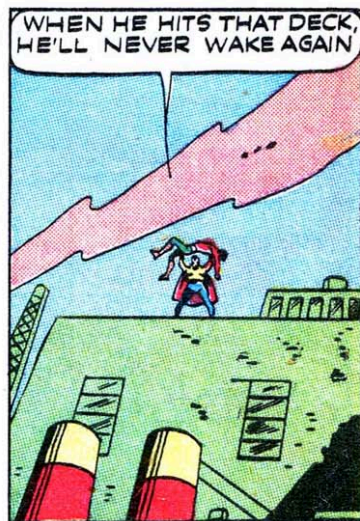


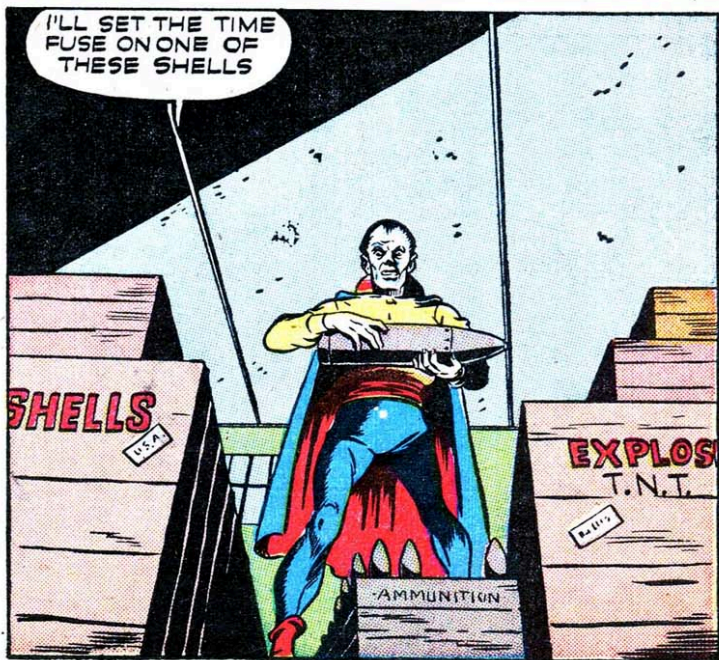
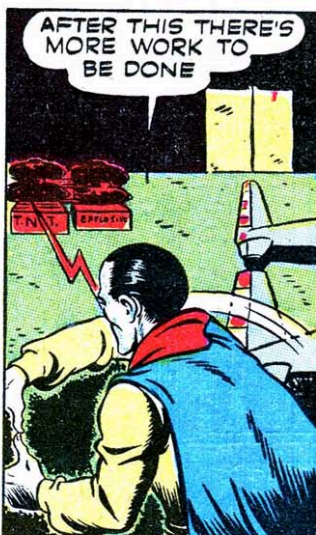
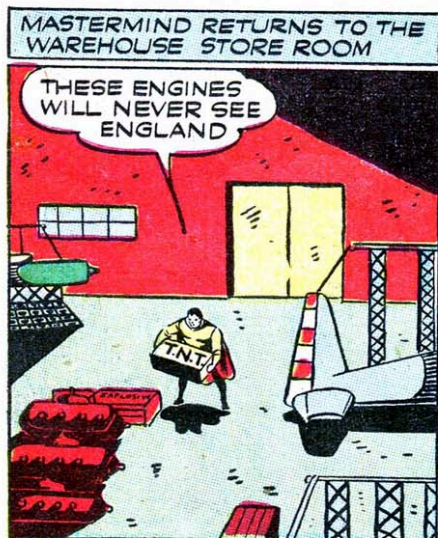
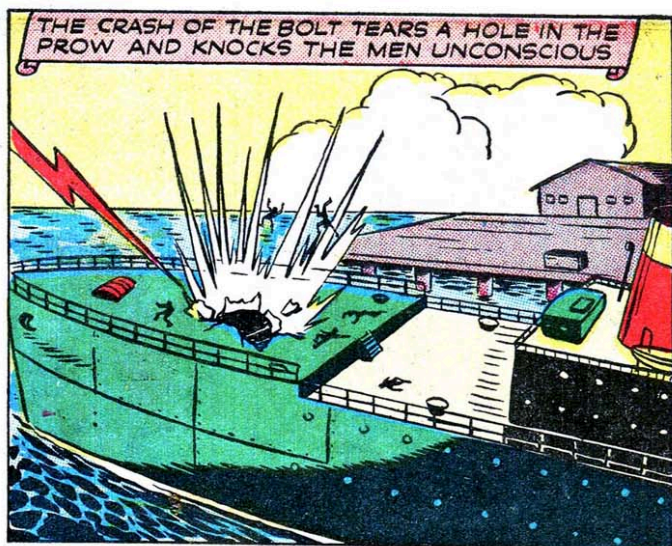


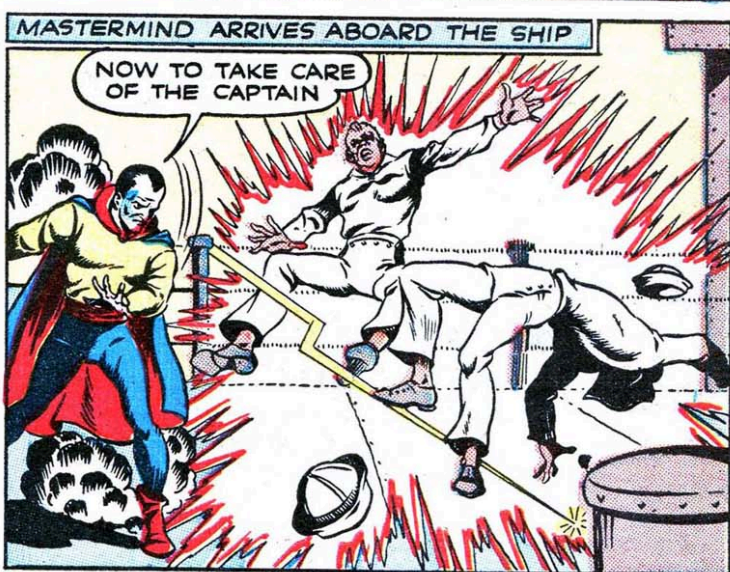
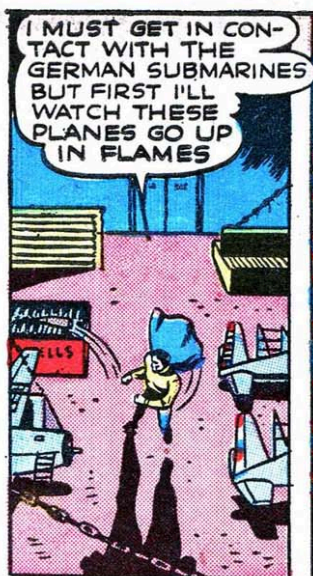


MASTERMIND'S AGENT FINDS LIGHTNING

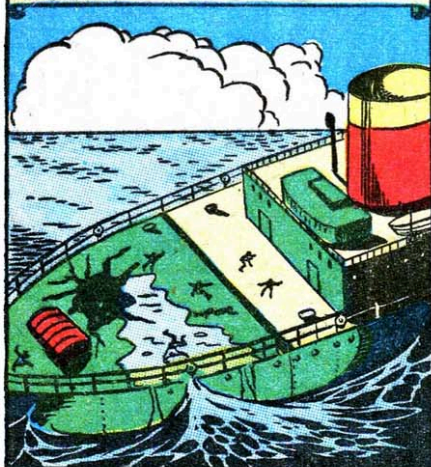








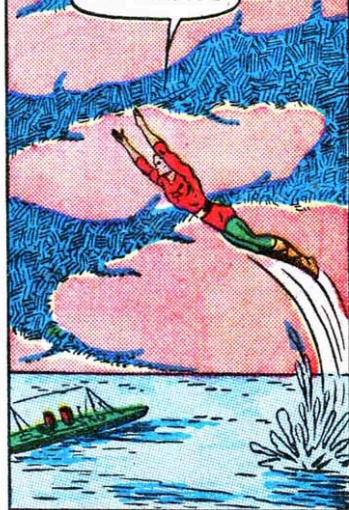
MEANWHILE THE PROW OF THE BOAT ON WHICH LIGHTNING WAS THROWN SLOWLY GOES UNDER



THE COLD WATER REVIVES HIM AS THE EFFECTS OF THE POISON WEAR OFF



I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SHIP, EVERYONE COUNTS



IT WON'T BE ABLE TO SINK IN THIS SHALLOW MUD



THE GERMAN SUBMARINES HAVE RECEIVED MASTER-MIND'S MESSAGE AND HAVE COME FOR THE KILL

THOSE SUBS THINK THE COAST IS CLEAR BUT THEY'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING



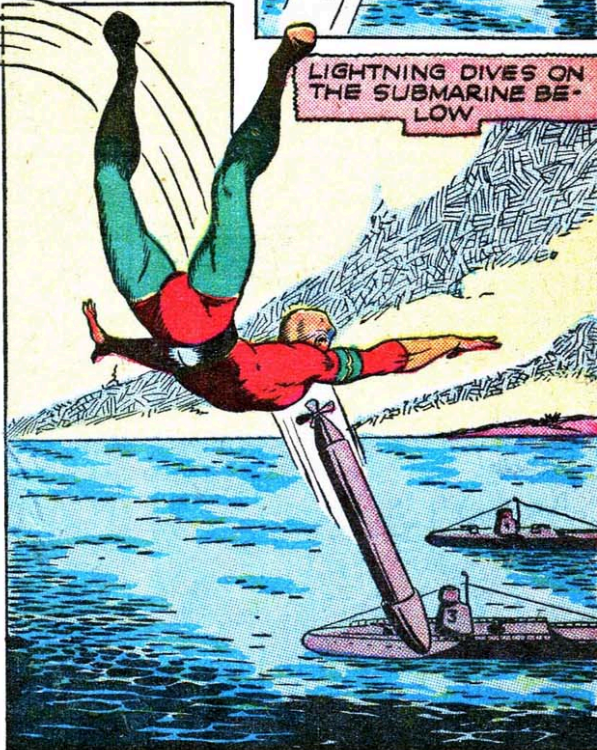
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME. TORPEDO THE SHIPS WHILE AT ANCHOR

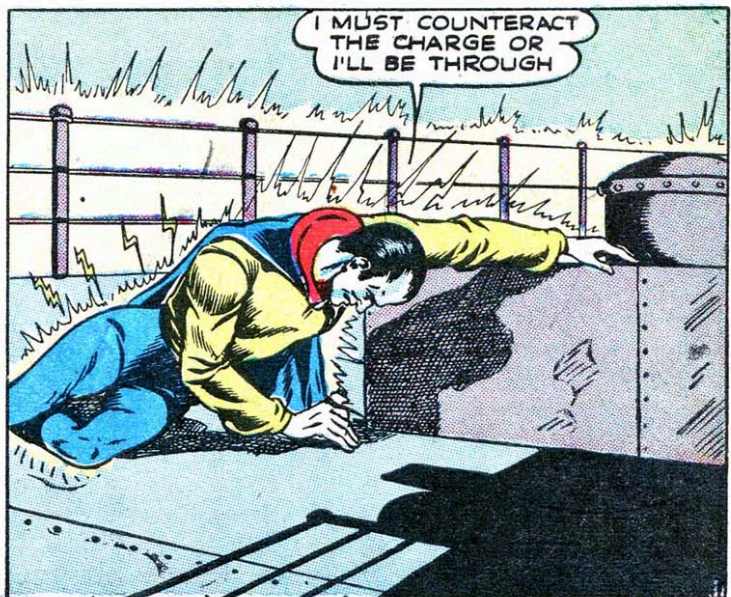
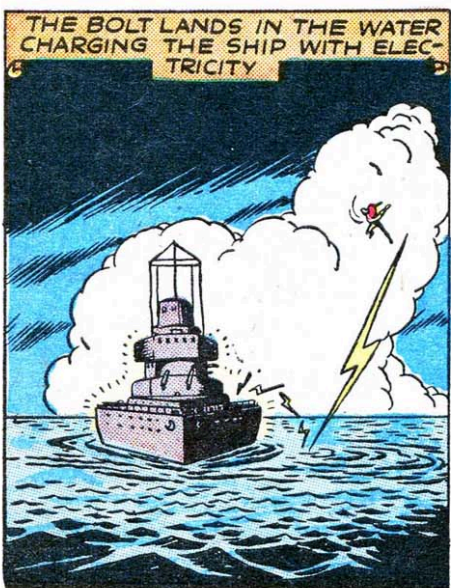
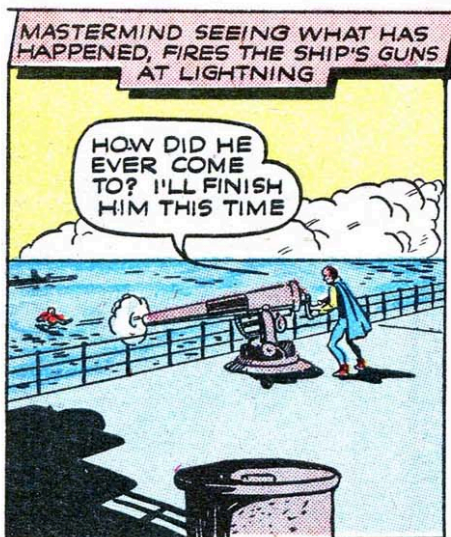
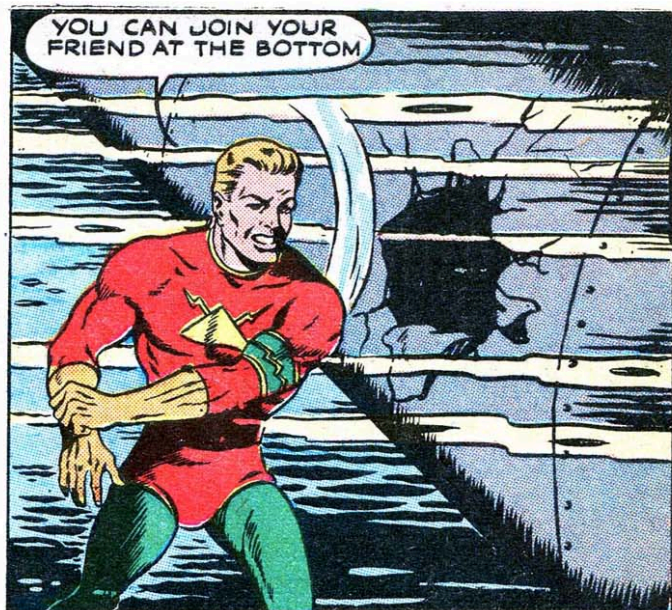
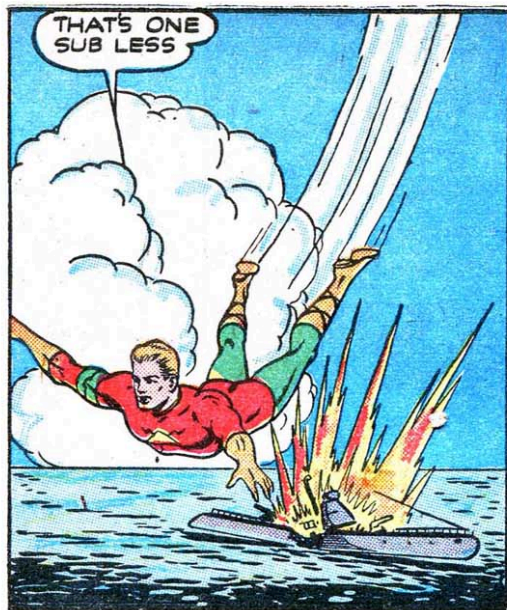


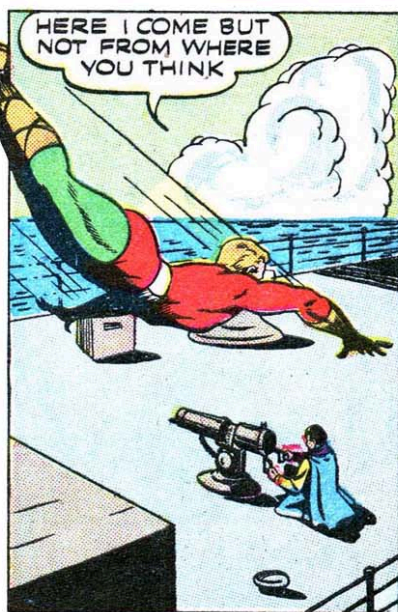
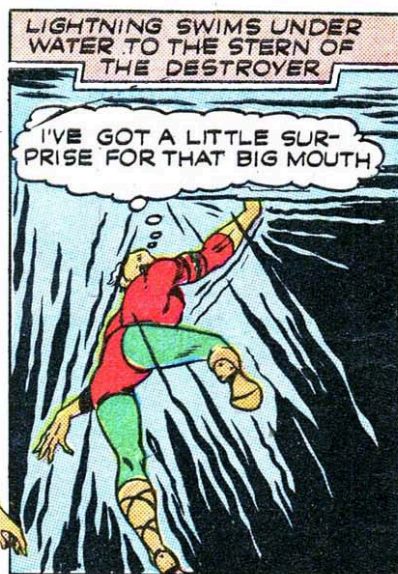
I'LL BET THEY NEVER SAW A DIVE BOMB MADE OUT OF A TORPEDO, BEFORE

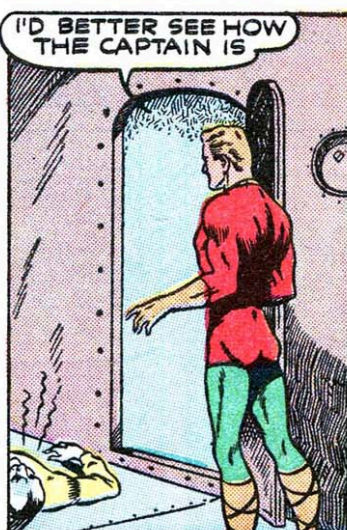
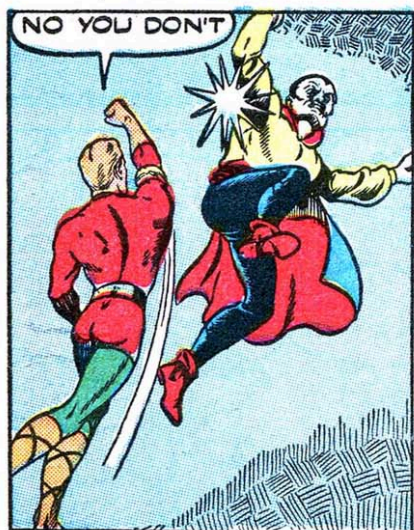
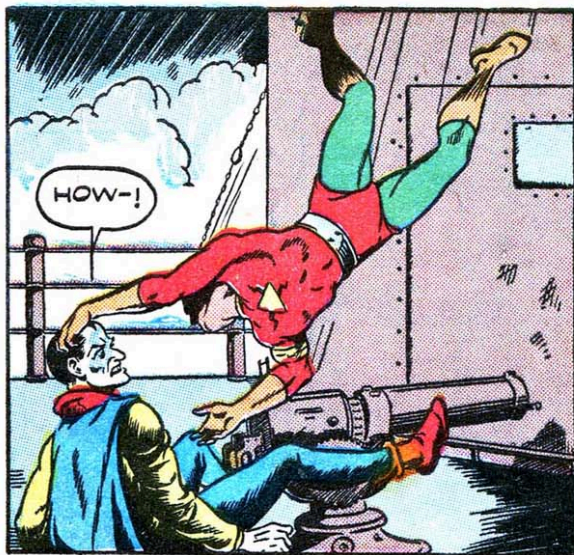


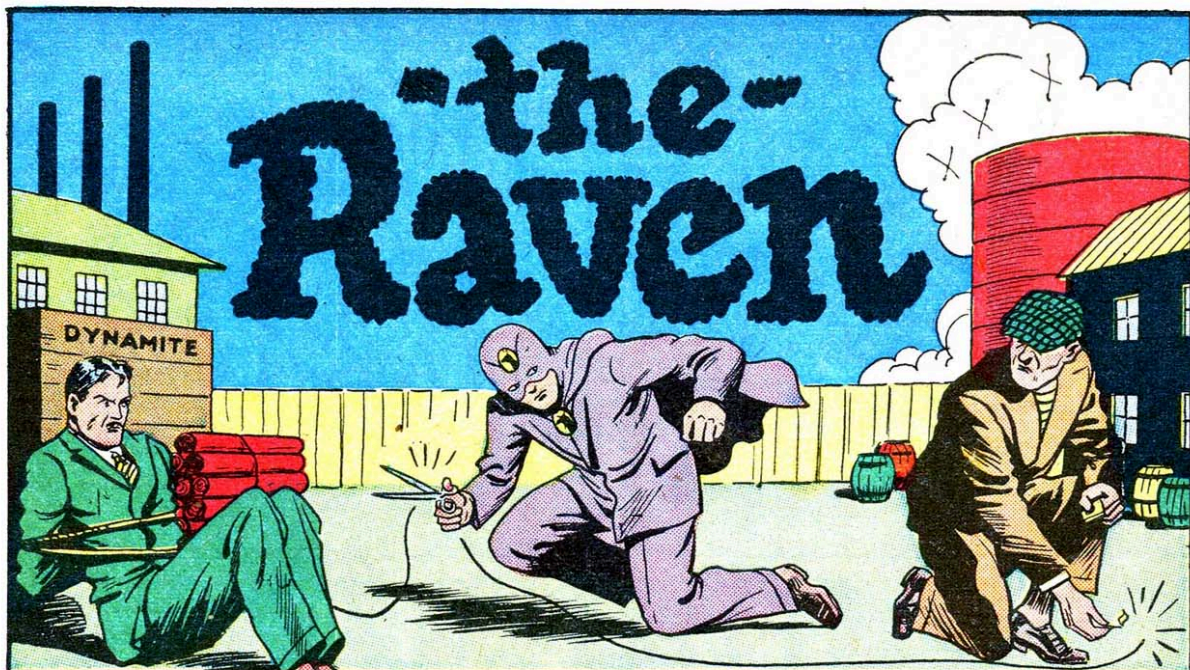
LIGHTNING DIVES ON THE SUBMARINE BELOW







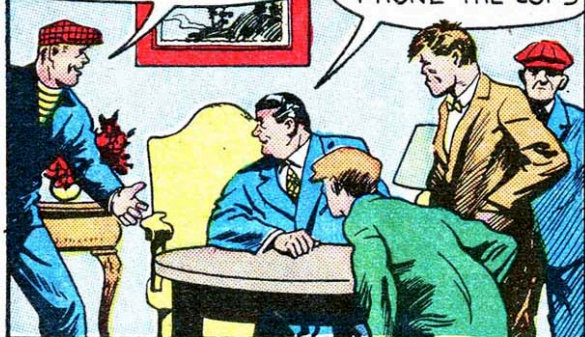




IN THE HOME OF JOHN GRIMM, RACKETEER

OKAY, BOSS, I DUMPED THE BODY IN THE DOC'S CAR AND THREW THE GUN INTO HIS CELLAR

SWELL! JOHNNY, CALL UP THE DOC AND GET HIM OUT ON A CALL. I'LL PHONE THE COPS



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I WANT TO REPORT I HEARD GUN SHOTS COMING FROM THE HOME OF DR. WATSON AT 22 DALTON STREET

HELLO - DOCTOR WATSON'S OFFICE? THIS IS MR. LUDLOW AT 76 PINE LANE. COME OVER QUICK, MY BOY IS VERY SICK



DR. WATSON IS LEAVING, WHEN SUDDENLY...

I'LL HURRY RIGHT OVER TO THIS LUDLOW HOME. BUSINESS IS BEGINNING TO PICK UP. HEY--! WHAT ARE THE POLICE STOPPING HERE FOR?

WHAT'S THE HURRY, DOC? SEARCH THE CAR, TIM



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEY, SARGE! THERE'S A BODY IN HERE, FULL OF LEAD

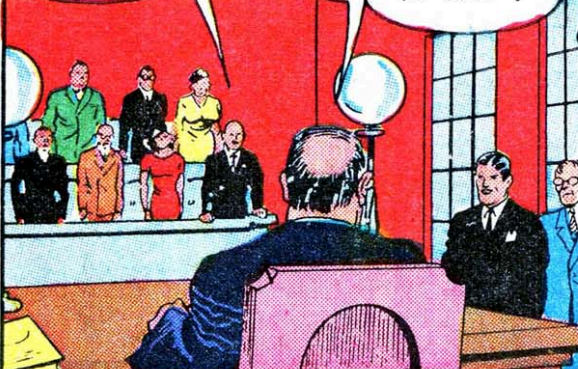
COME ALONG, DOC. WE'VE GOT A PLACE FOR GUYS LIKE YOU



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN CRIMINAL COURT

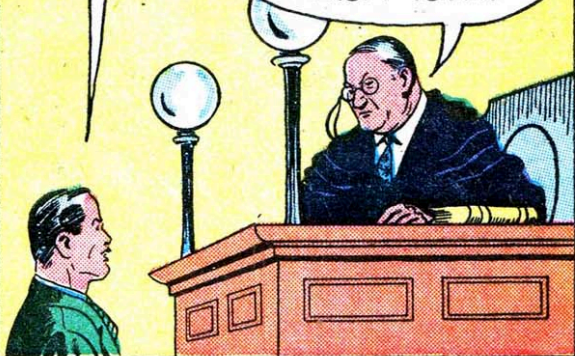
YOUR HONOR, WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY AND RECOMMEND NO MERCY

DOCTOR JAMES WATSON, BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE, HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?



YOUR HONOR, I AM INNOCENT!

DOCTOR WATSON, THE JURY HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY. THEREFORE I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOUR DAYS FROM TODAY



IN COURT ARE DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN, IN REALITY, THE **RAVEN**, HIS FIANCEE, LOLA, AND HER FATHER, CHIEF OF POLICE LASH...

DANNY, I'M SURE HE'S INNOCENT

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THE SAME WAY, LOLA



CHIEF, WILL YOU GIVE ME PERMISSION TO RE-OPEN THE DOCTOR'S CASE? I MIGHT PROVE HIM INNOCENT

FIND HIM INNOCENT?



WHY, THAT DOCTOR WAS PROBABLY KNEE DEEP IN MEDICAL RACKETEERING, AND HE HAD TO BUMP OFF ONE OF HIS GANGSTER PALS

WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE! BOTH THE BODY AND THE GUN COULD HAVE BEEN PLANTED



STOP TRYING TO PROVE CONVICTED MEN INNOCENT. GO OUT AND GET THE **RAVEN**

DANNY, STOP ARGUING- AND COME WITH ME. WE'LL DO SOME UNOFFICIAL INVESTIGATING



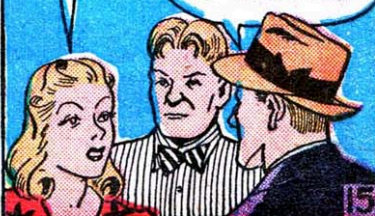
AT THE **RAVEN'S** HIDEOUT
DAYS ARE GOING BY FAST AND STILL NO BREAK IN THE WATSON CASE

LOLA CALLED WHILE YOU WERE OUT. SAID SHE HAS A HOT LEAD - HELLO, LOLA



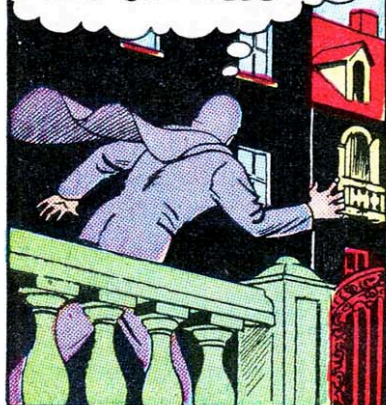
I JUST FOUND OUT THAT THE DEAD MAN WAS ONCE SENTENCED TO PRISON WITH JOHN GRIMM, THE RACKETEER

JOHN GRIMM! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! I HEARD THAT NOBODY EVER LEFT GRIMM'S MOB ALIVE. THIS TIME THE **RAVEN** WILL BRING GRIMM TO JUSTICE



THE **RAVEN** SOON VISITS
THE HOME OF JOHN GRIMM

BOY, WHAT A MANSION!
CRIME SURE IS PAYING
THIS GUY WELL



NOW THAT I'M INSIDE, I'LL
SEE IF ANYBODY'S HOME.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S
IN THAT
ROOM

SAY, BOSS, ARE
YOU GONNA SEND
THE DOC FLOWERS IN
APPRECIATION FOR HIS
BURNING FOR YOU



NOT YET, JOHNNY. WE'LL
WAIT UNTIL THEY GIVE
THE DOC THE BUSINESS

SO THOSE TWO
MUGS THINK THE
DOC WILL DIE
FOR THEIR CRIME!
-- BUT NOT
WHEN THERE'S
A **RAVEN**!



HELLO, GRIMM. MIND IF
I COME IN? WHOOPS,--
WHAT A MOB! TOO LATE
TO BEAT IT I'LL HAVE
TO FIGHT THEM

**THE
RAVEN!**
GET HIM,
BOYS!



I SEE YOU GUYS
LIKE TO DRINK. HERE'S
A "MICKEY FINN"

WOOOSH!



BROTHER, YOU DON'T
LOOK SO GOOD TO ME.
I THINK YOU NEED
SOME SLEEP

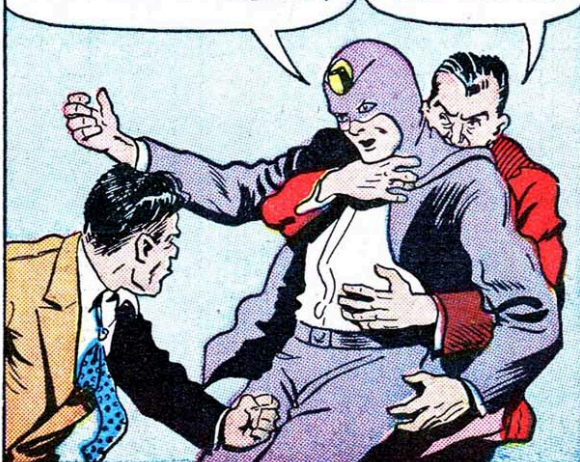
COME ON, YOU
MUGS, FINISH
HIM!

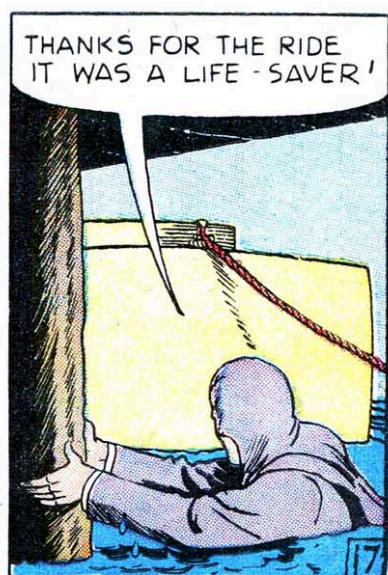
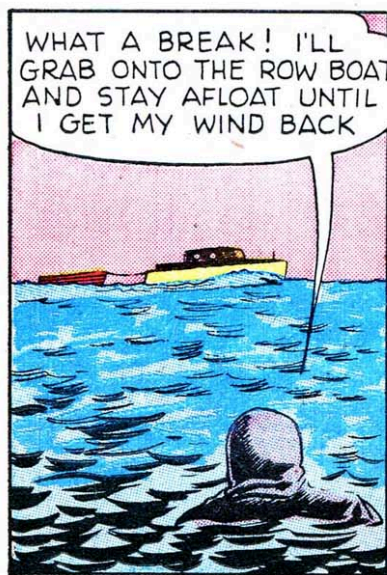
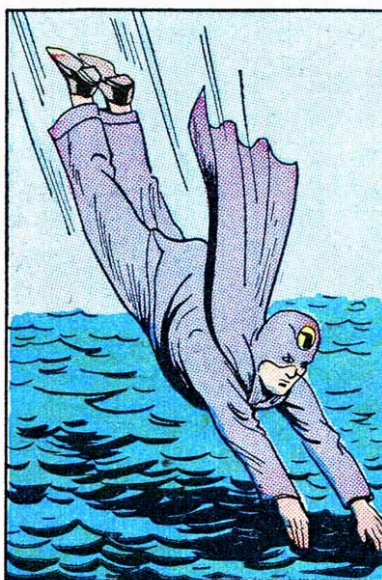
UGH!



I MIGHT BE ABLE TO
TAKE THIS MOB OVER
BY MYSELF... **OOPS!**

THIS WILL
FINISH YOUR
HIGH FLYING--





AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

WHAT'S THE RUSH, DANNY?

CHIEF, YOU'VE GOT TO GET DR. WATSON A STAY OF EXECUTION. HE'S INNOCENT AND I'LL PROVE IT



YOU STILL ANNOYING ME WITH THAT DR. WATSON. NOW GO OUT AND GET THE **RAVEN** OR HAND IN YOUR BADGE.

OH HECK! I'D BETTER WORK FAST. IF I DON'T GET A CONFESSION FROM GRIMM BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT, AN INNOCENT MAN WILL DIE



DANNY RUSHES TO HIS HIDEOUT

DANNY, MIKE CALLED. GRIMM HAS DISAPPEARED BUT HE IS FOLLOWING ONE OF THE **GANG**. HE'LL CALL BACK SOON

GOOD OLD MIKE I'D BETTER START CHANGING. LOLA, ANSWER THE PHONE. IT MAY BE MIKE



IT'S MIKE HE SAYS THE GANGSTER HE TAILED WENT INTO BAILEY'S SALOON

SWELL! TELL MIKE I'M GOING THERE AT ONCE IN DISGUISE



I GOTTA SEE THE BOSS. IT'S IMPORTANT

OKAY. I'LL GIVE YOU HIS NEW ADDRESS, BUT MAKE SURE YOU GO ALONE



OF COURSE I'LL GO ALONE. CHEE, THE BOSS WOULD GIVE ME THE WORKS IF I TOOK ANYONE ALONG

WELL, THE BOSS IS UP AT -- SAY, LOOK AT DAT BEGGAR OVER THERE



HE'S TRYING TO HEAR WHAT WE'RE SAYING

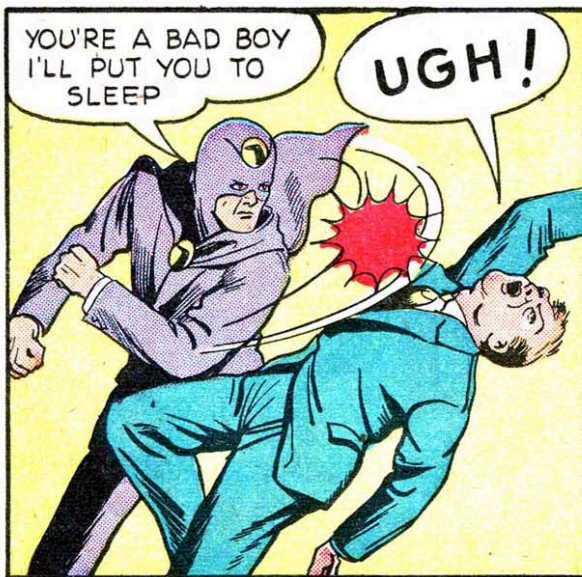
HE MAY BE A COP. COVER HIM WITH YOUR ROD. I'LL FRISK HIM



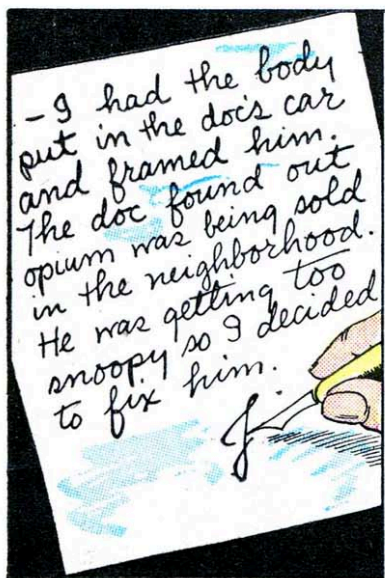
Y-EEY! IT'S THE **RAVEN**

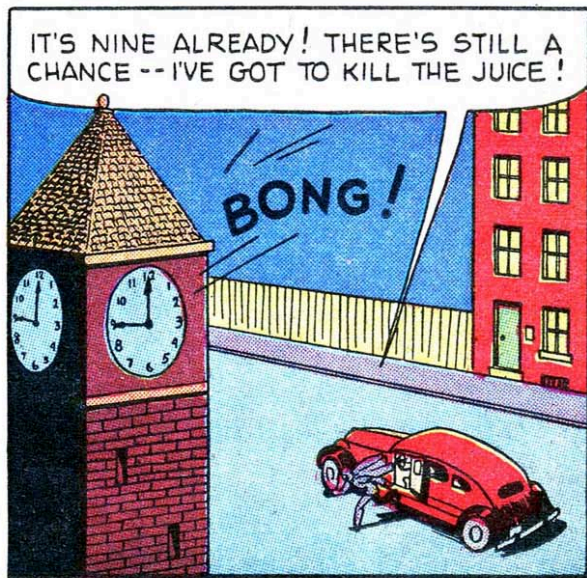
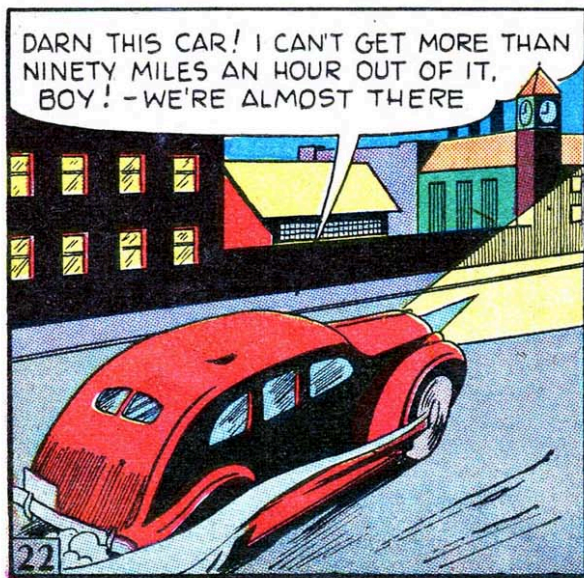
THE **RAVEN'S** DEAD. MUST BE HIS GHOST!

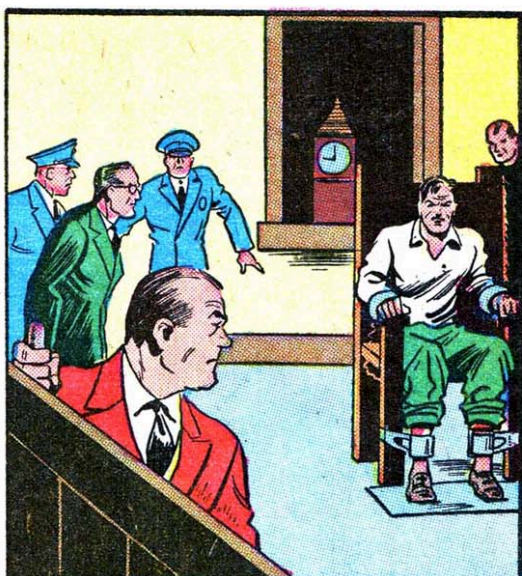
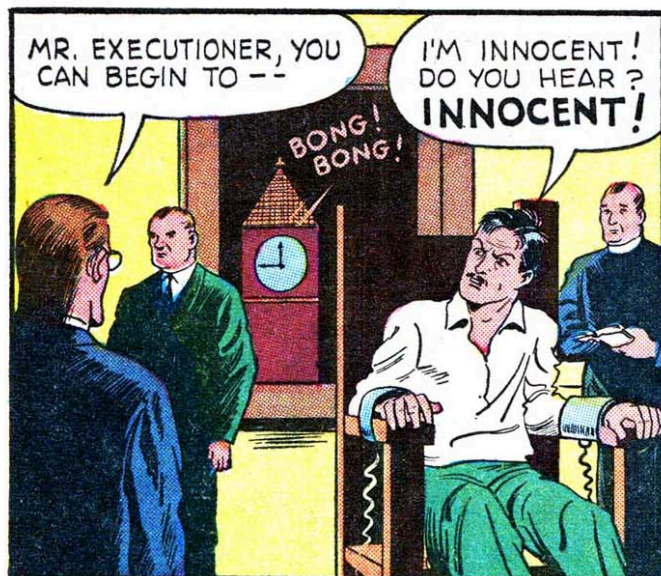












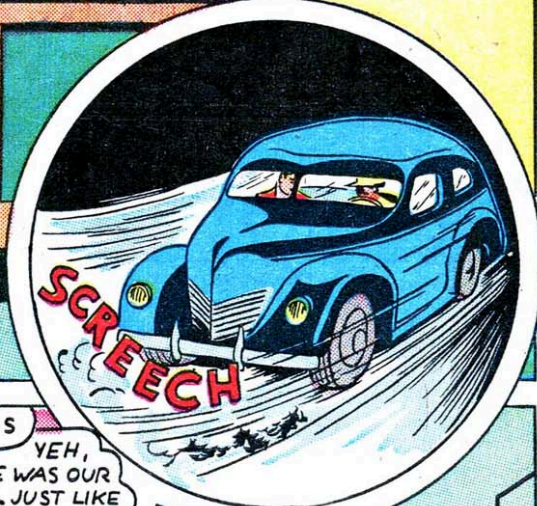
DOCTOR NEMESIS

Rx



YOUNG DR. BRADLEY, HAS DISCOVERED A TRUTH SERUM WHICH WHEN INJECTED INTO A PERSON PUTS THEM INTO A COMA DURING WHICH PERIOD THEY ANSWER THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH TO ANY QUESTION ASKED ... BRADLEY HAS KEPT HIS DISCOVERY A SECRET AND USES IT ONLY WHEN HE GOES FORTH AS THAT MYSTERIOUS CRIME BUSTER DOCTOR NEMESIS!

RED HOLMDALE



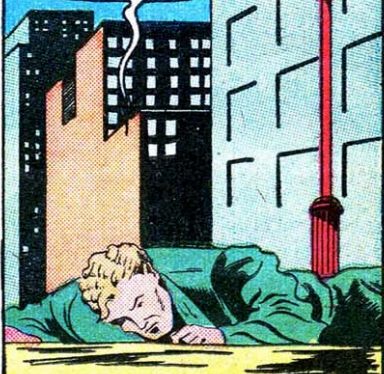
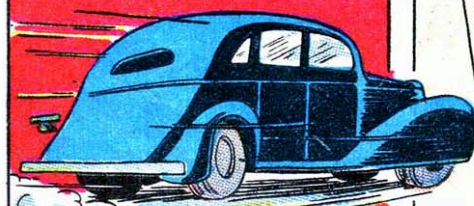
LET'S GO, HE HAS HAD ENOUGH

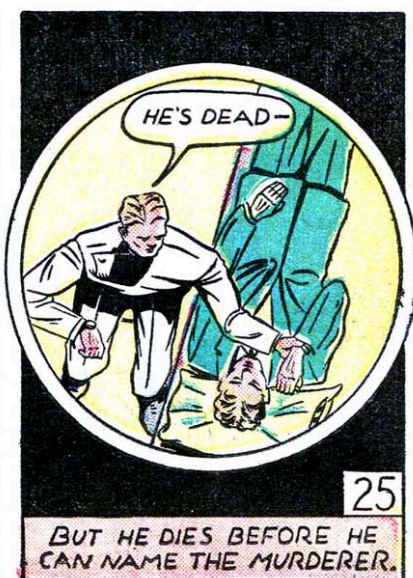
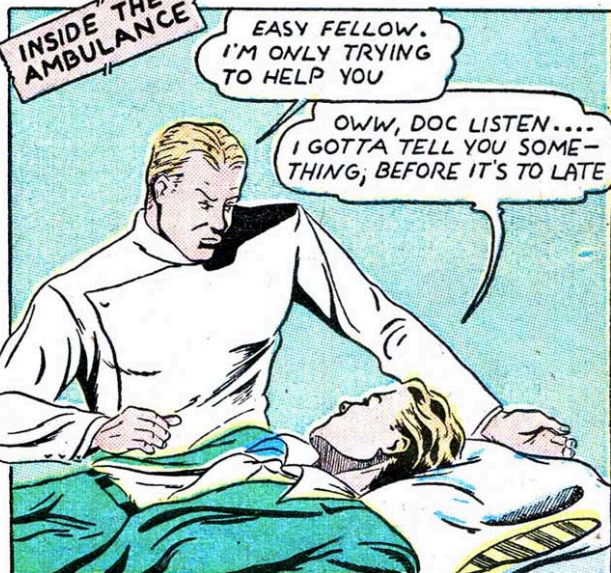
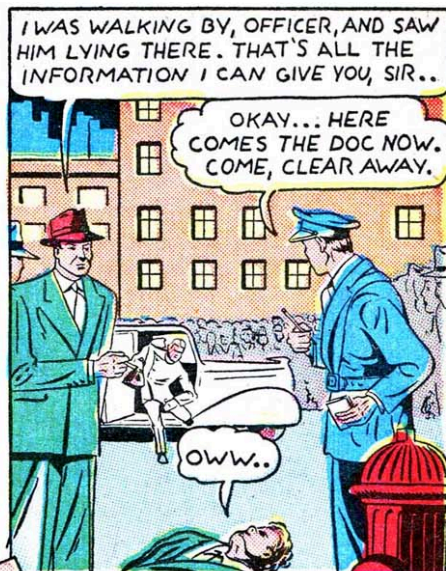
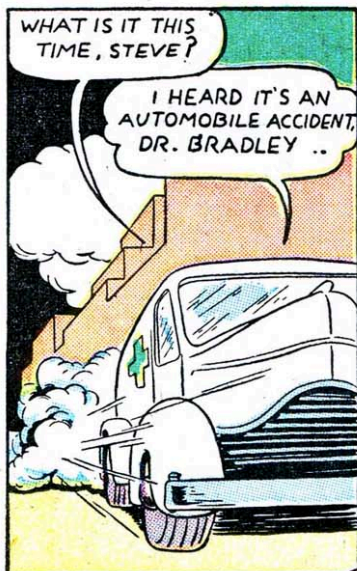
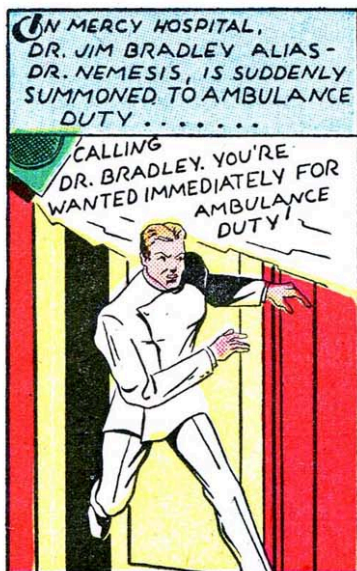
YOU SAID IT THE ANGELS ARE PROBABLY KEEPING HIM COMPANY BY NOW..

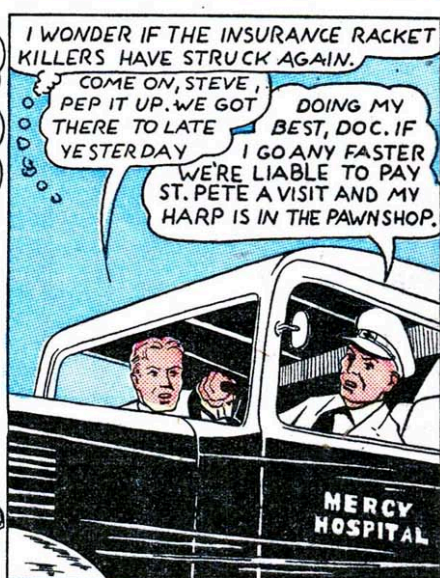
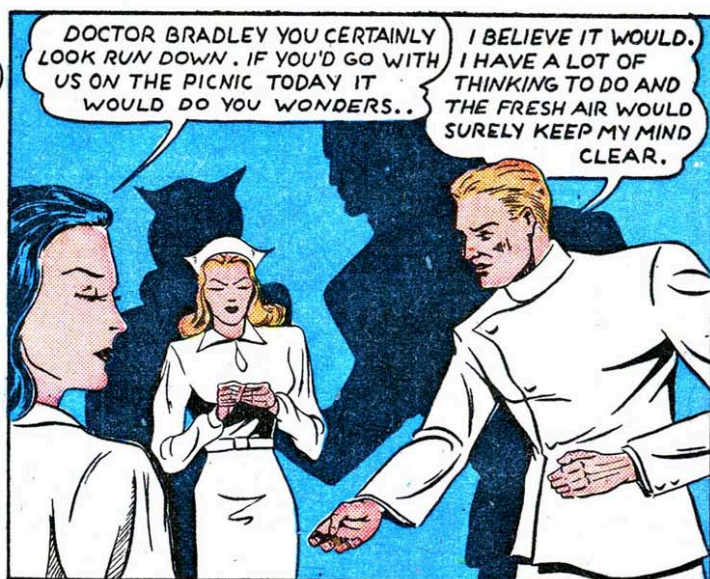
HA, HA, THIS SURE IS EASY MONEY...

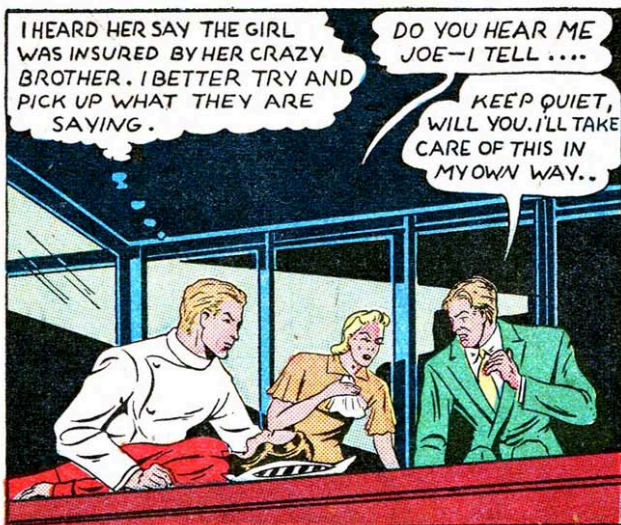
YEH, HE WAS OUR FRIEND. JUST LIKE YOU SAID TO HIM. YOU'RE OUR PAL JIM. THAT'S WHY WE'RE GONNA GET YOU AN INSURANCE POLICY..

OWWWW...









I HEARD HER SAY THE GIRL WAS INSURED BY HER CRAZY BROTHER. I BETTER TRY AND PICK UP WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

DO YOU HEAR ME JOE—I TELL

KEEP QUIET, WILL YOU. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS IN MY OWN WAY..



YOU GOTTA SAVE HER, DOC. SHE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS. SHE'S A LITTLE ANGEL.

I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN. WE CAN ONLY HOPE ..



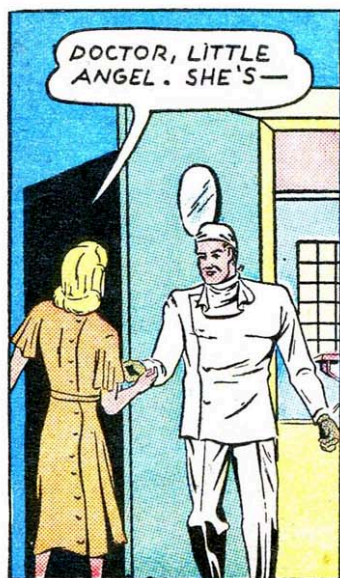
I'M GLAD YOU ARE GOING TO OPERATE ON HER, DR. FOWLER. THE POOR KID DESERVES A BREAK.

WELL THESE FRACTURED SKULLS ARE PRETTY TICKLISH.

OPERATING ROOM



OPERATING ROOM



DOCTOR, LITTLE ANGEL. SHE'S—



I'M SORRY...YOUR LITTLE GIRL ... SHE'S ...

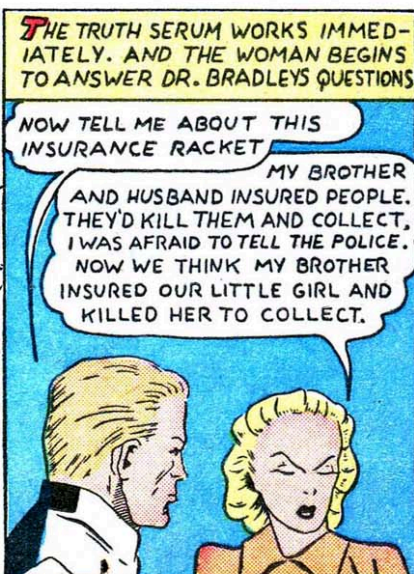
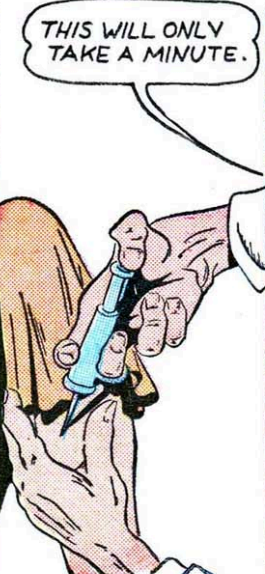
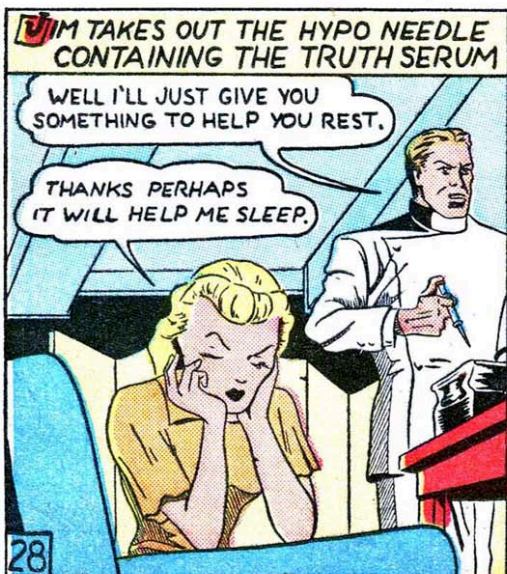
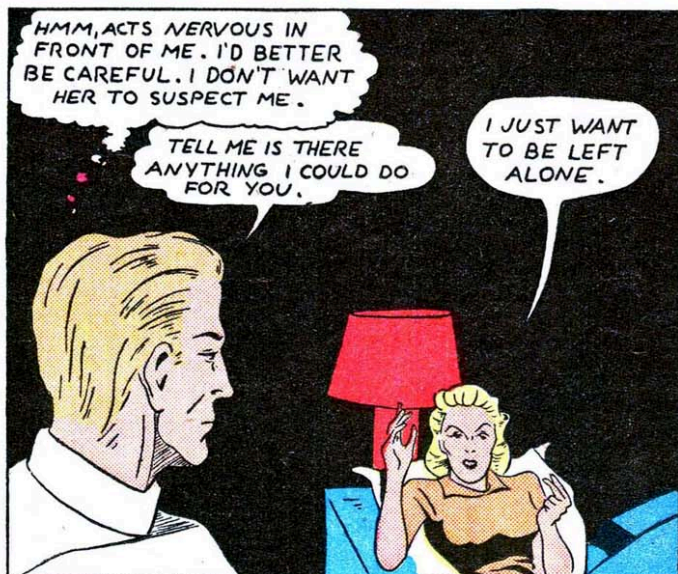
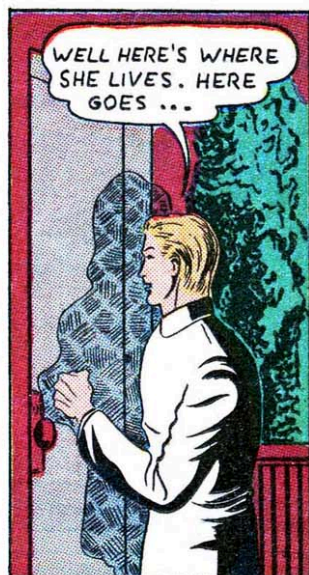
DEAD!

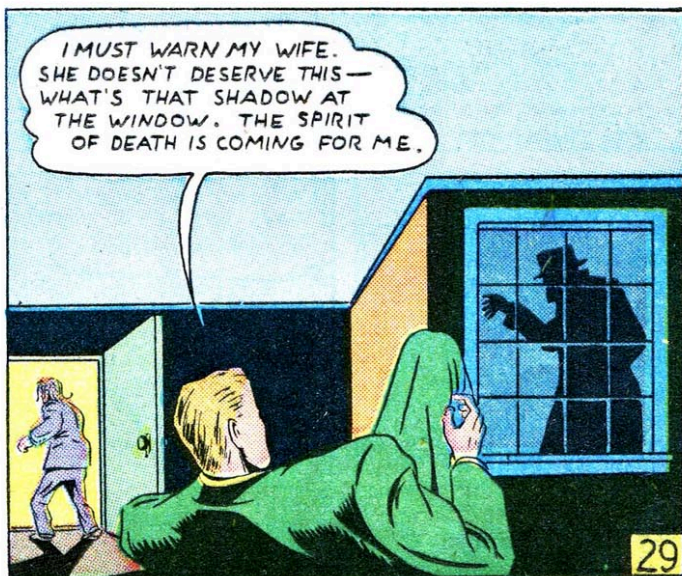
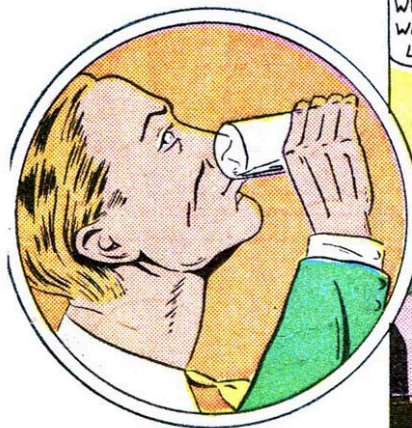
AHHHHH..



HE, HEE, HAW, HAA, ANOTHER INSURANCE POLICY VICTIM! I'LL MAKE MONEY—LOTS MORE MONEY.

MEANWHILE — IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY

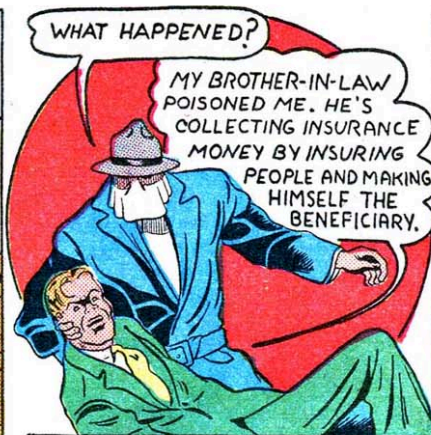






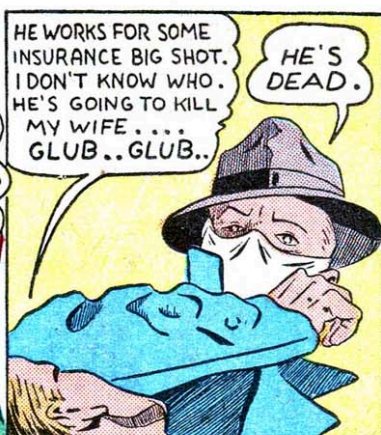
IT'S NOT DEATH.. IT'S A WHITE ANGEL. HE'LL SAVE MY WIFE.

THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND IS LYING THERE. I CAME TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM



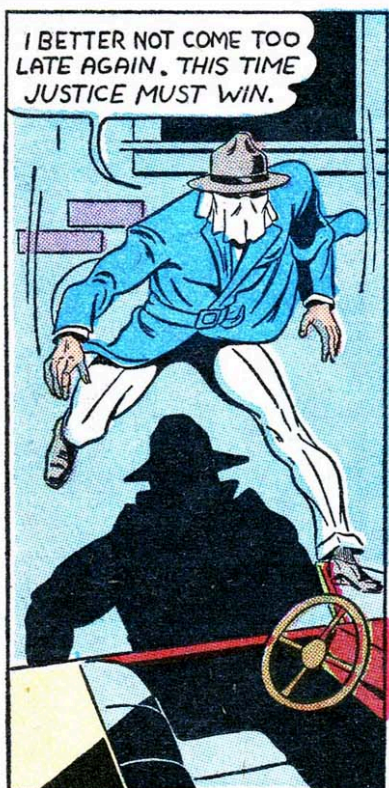
WHAT HAPPENED?

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW POISONED ME. HE'S COLLECTING INSURANCE MONEY BY INSURING PEOPLE AND MAKING HIMSELF THE BENEFICIARY.

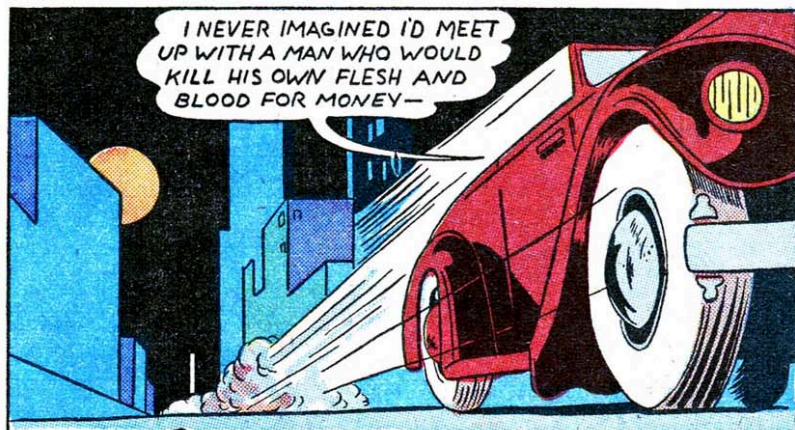


HE WORKS FOR SOME INSURANCE BIG SHOT. I DON'T KNOW WHO. HE'S GOING TO KILL MY WIFE.... GLUB.. GLUB..

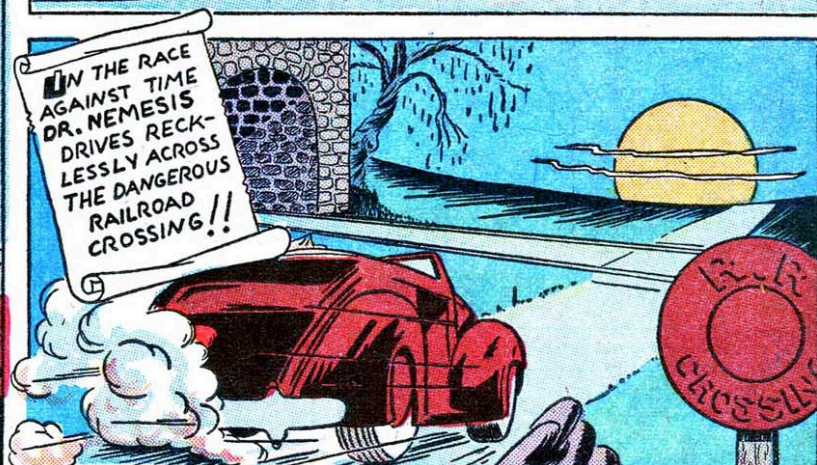
HE'S DEAD.



I BETTER NOT COME TOO LATE AGAIN. THIS TIME JUSTICE MUST WIN.



I NEVER IMAGINED I'D MEET UP WITH A MAN WHO WOULD KILL HIS OWN FLESH AND BLOOD FOR MONEY—



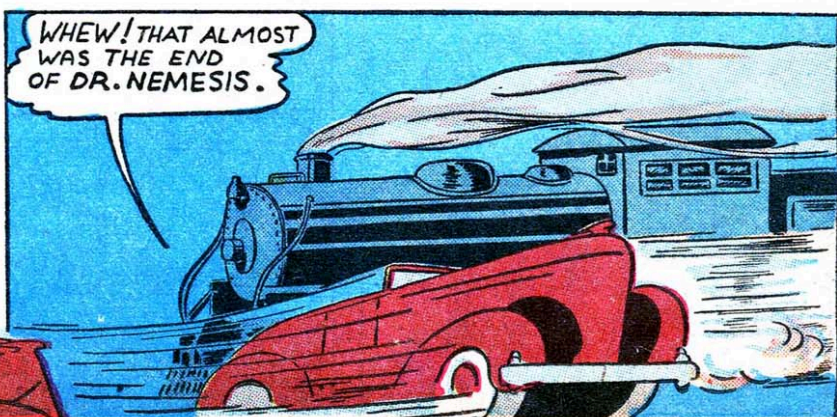
IN THE RACE AGAINST TIME DR. NEMESIS DRIVES RECKLESSLY ACROSS THE DANGEROUS RAILROAD CROSSING!!



SUDDENLY DEATH RACES OUT OF THE TUNNEL—

WHAT THE!

30



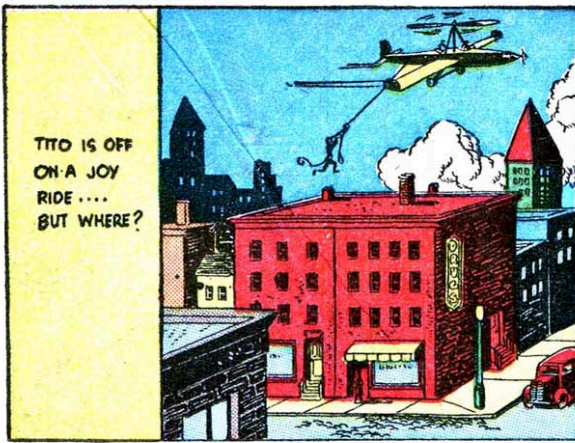
WHEW! THAT ALMOST WAS THE END OF DR. NEMESIS.





THE CROOKS DISAPPEAR IN A PENTHOUSE ON THE ROOF....

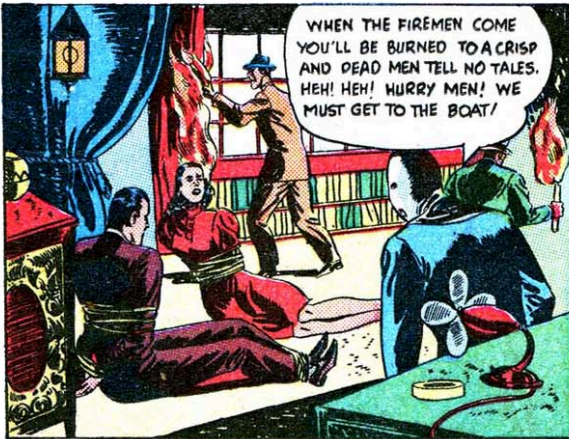




TITO IS OFF
ON-A JOY
RIDE
BUT WHERE?



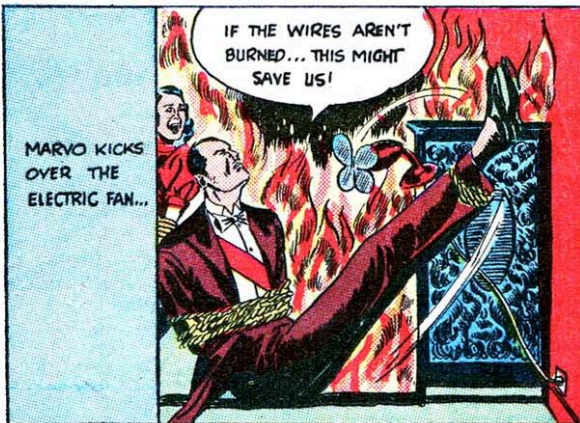
THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOUR MONK... HEH! HEH!
AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU.



WHEN THE FIREMEN COME
YOU'LL BE BURNED TO A CRISP
AND DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.
HEH! HEH! HURRY MEN! WE
MUST GET TO THE BOAT!



WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS
WITH AN ILLUSION. I'LL
HAVE TO THINK FAST!



MARVO KICKS
OVER THE
ELECTRIC FAN...

IF THE WIRES AREN'T
BURNED... THIS MIGHT
SAVE US!



MARVO KICKS
ON THE SWITCH
... AND THE
WHIRRING
FAN BLADES
EAT INTO HIS BONDS.

KEEP YOUR CHIN
UP JOAN... I'LL
BE WITH YOU IN
A SECOND!

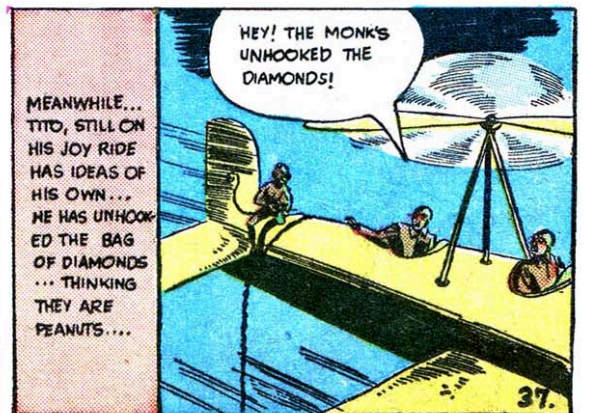
PLEASE HURRY!
THE HEAT... IT'S
TERRIBLE



FREED....
MARVO AND
JOAN TAKE
UP THE TRAIL
AGAIN...

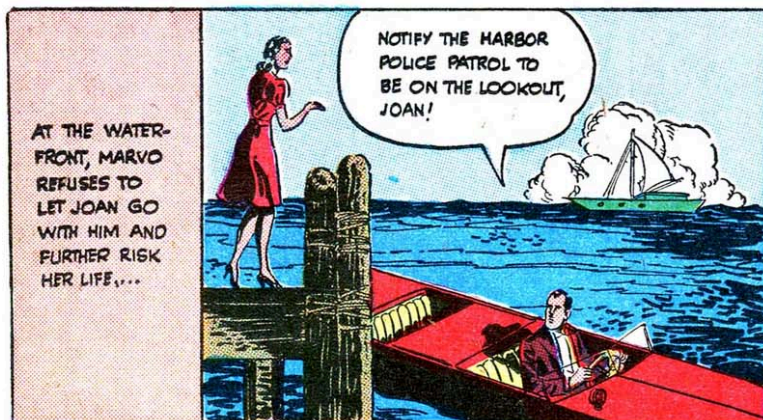
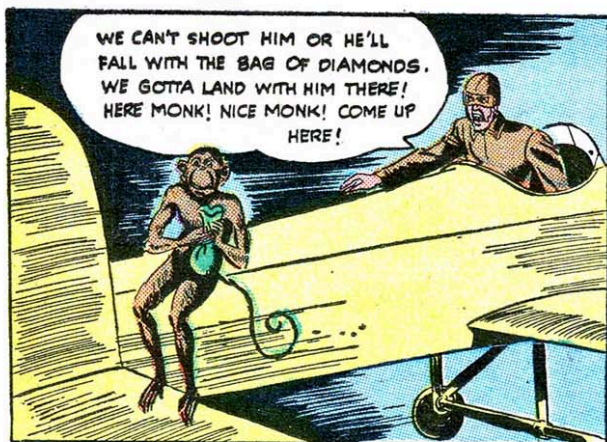
NO TIME TO SEE
THE FIRE... COME
ON... THEY SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT
A BOAT!

FATHER HAS A
SPEEDBOAT...
WE COULD USE
THAT TO HUNT
THEM!



MEANWHILE...
TITO, STILL ON
HIS JOY RIDE
HAS IDEAS OF
HIS OWN...
HE HAS UNHOOKED
THE BAG OF
DIAMONDS...
THINKING
THEY ARE
PEANUTS...

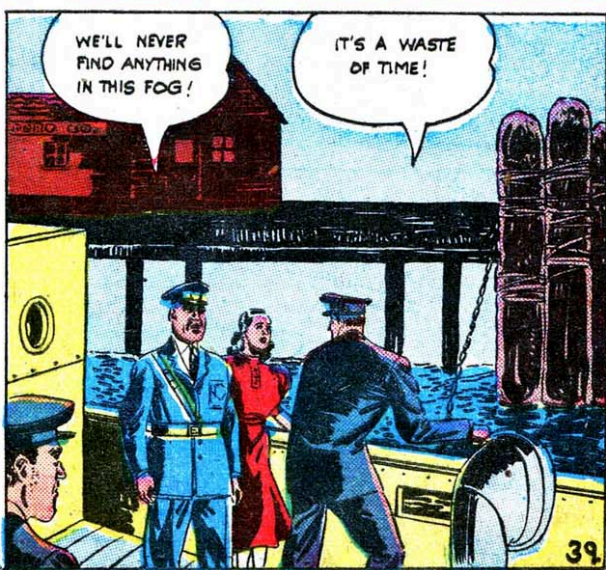
HEY! THE MONK'S
UNHOOKED THE
DIAMONDS!

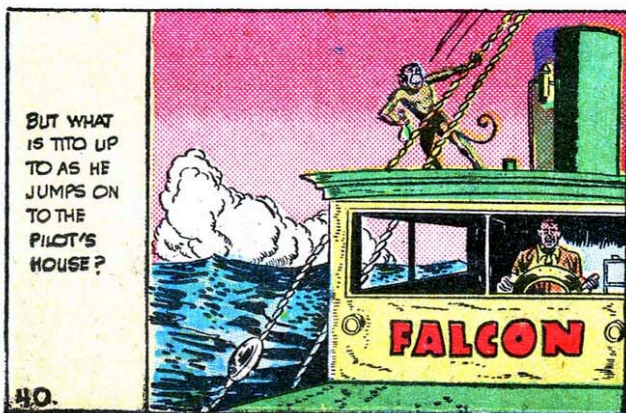
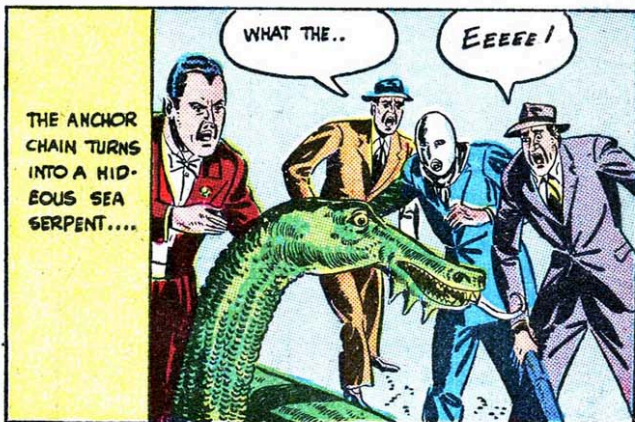
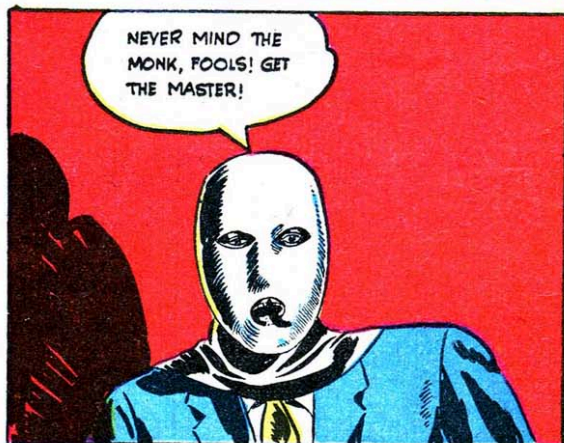
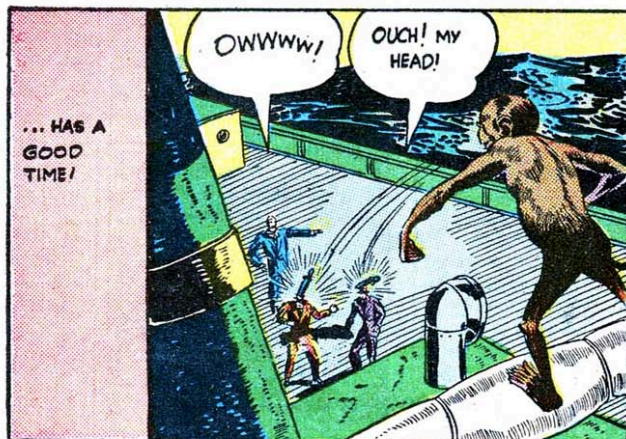
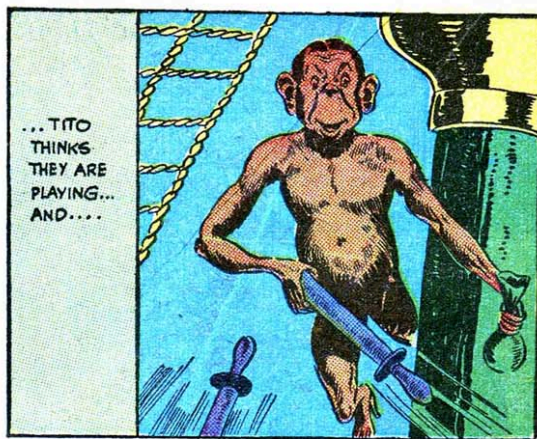


MARVO IS SPOTTED BY THE THUGS...



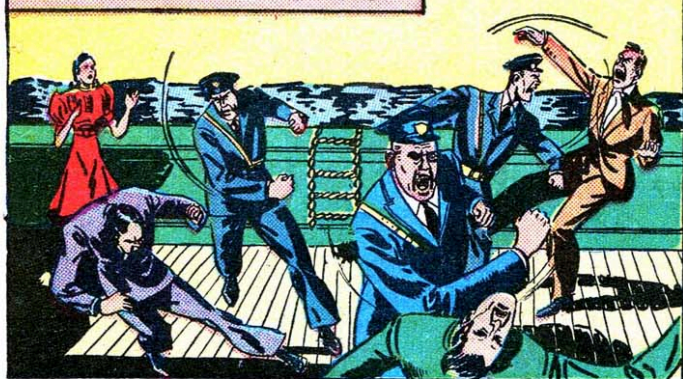
MARVO CREATES THE ILLUSION OF A POISONOUS COBRA!



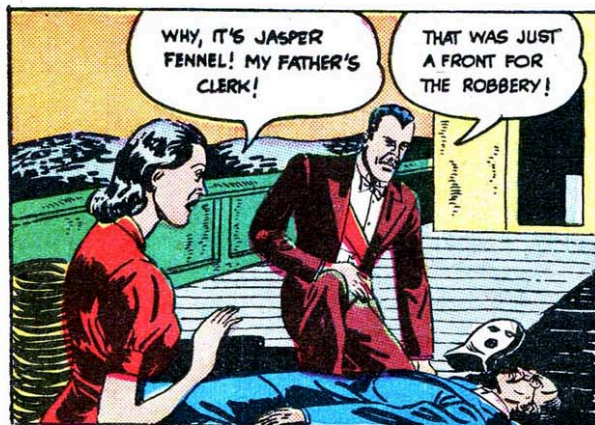




AS THE POLICE BOARD THE BOAT, A TERRIFIC FIGHT IS STARTED WITH THE THUGS...



MARVO TAKES CARE OF THE LEADER HIMSELF...



CONGO JACK



SUDDENLY...

LOOK, BWANA...
A STRANGE
WHITE MAN!

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM!
HE NEEDS
HELP!

HERE...
'DRINK THIS!

NOW TELL ME WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

WELL, FIRST OF
ALL MY NAME
IS MIKE FARRELL!



"I CAME INTO THE CONGO COUNTRY TO DO SOME HUNTING...."

"YESTERDAY I MET A SMALL BAND OF NATIVE PRIESTS WHO SAID THEY WERE DRIVEN FROM THE VALLEY OF VANGO..."

BUT WHY WERE YOU EXILED FROM THE VALLEY?

BECAUSE WE REFUSED TO PERMIT HUMAN SACRIFICE TO OUR GOD VANGO!



"THIS NATIVE PRIEST TOLD ME ABOUT AN IDOL OF THE GOD VANGO, WITH TWO RARE BLUE DIAMONDS FOR EYES!"

WE FEAR THAT RAU IS DEFYING THE IDOL! IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE THE IDOL, WE WOULD PROTECT IT!

I WOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU. WILL YOU LEAD ME TO THE VALLEY?



"WHEN WE REACHED THE VALLEY, THE PRIESTS REFUSED TO ENTER WITH ME!"

IF ANYONE STEALS THE IDOL, HE WILL BE CURSED WITH INSTANT DEATH! WE CAN GO NO FARTHER WITH YOU!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL GO ALONE! I'LL GET YOUR IDOL FOR YOU!



"BUT I BECAME LOST, WANDERED AWAY FROM THE VALLEY, AND..."



WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST.... YOU FOUND ME!

RIGHT! BUT, SAY... I HAVE AN IDEA!

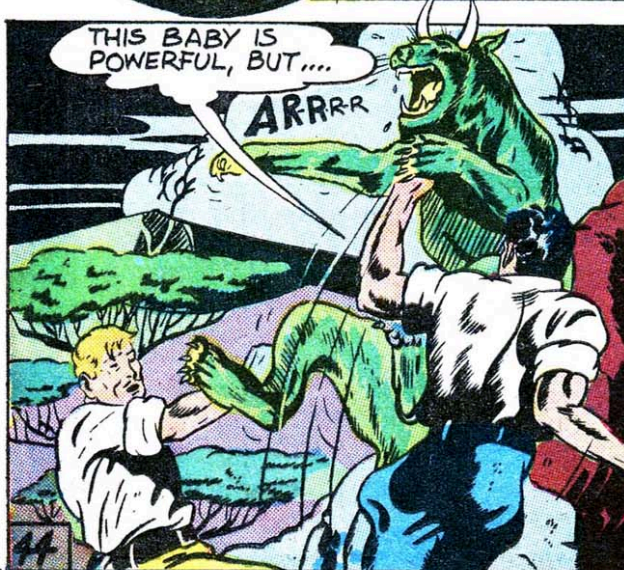
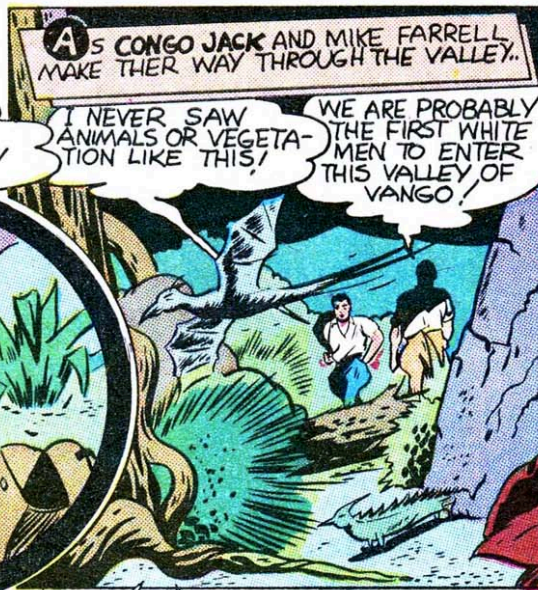


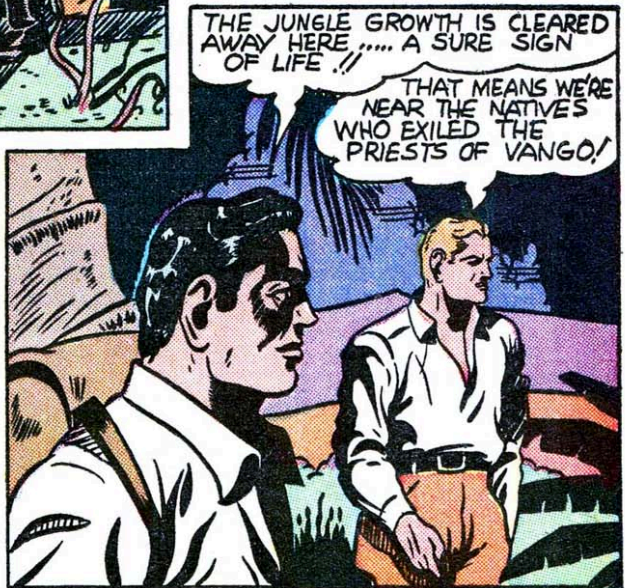
I'M GAME FOR SOME NEW ADVENTURE. LET'S EXPLORE THE VALLEY OF VANGO TOGETHER, AND FIND THE IDOL FOR THOSE FRIENDLY PRIESTS!



AND SO CONGO JACK'S NATIVE BAND HEADS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY OF VANGO







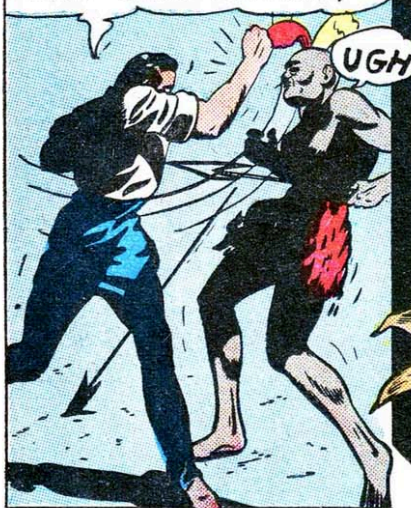
BUT FURTIVE EYES ARE WATCHING THE TWO WHITE MEN!



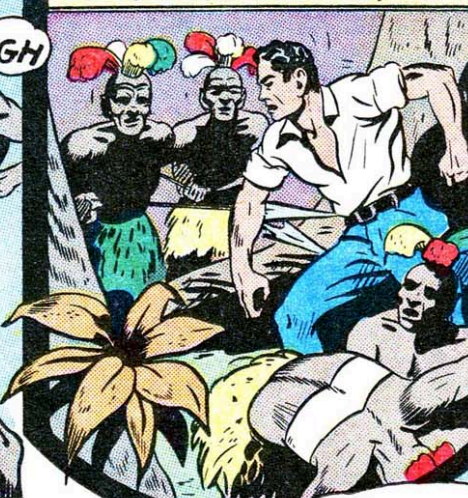
SUDDENLY, THE FIERCE SAVAGES ATTACK!



I STILL THINK THE FISTS ARE MIGHTY HANDY WEAPONS!



BUT THE GALLANT FIGHTERS ARE FORCED TO YIELD FINALLY TO SUPERIOR NUMBERS!



THE EXILED PRIESTS WILL NEVER GET THE IDOL OF VANGO... YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD HELP THEM, EH?



CONGO JACK AND FARREL ARE LED TO A NEARBY CLEARING, WHERE THEY SEE...



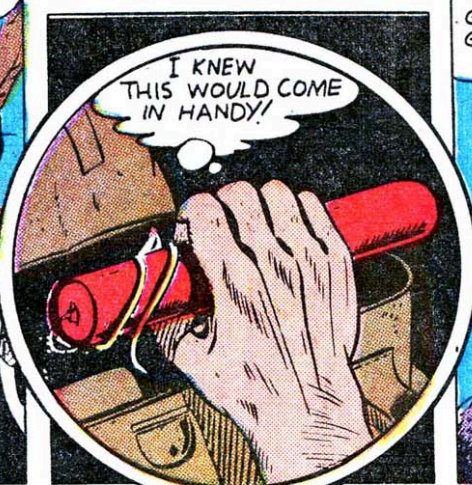
THE BULL-FURNACE HAS NOT EATEN A HUMAN SACRIFICE IN MANY DAYS! YOU BOTH DIE!

PLEASANT THOUGHT, EH, MIKE?



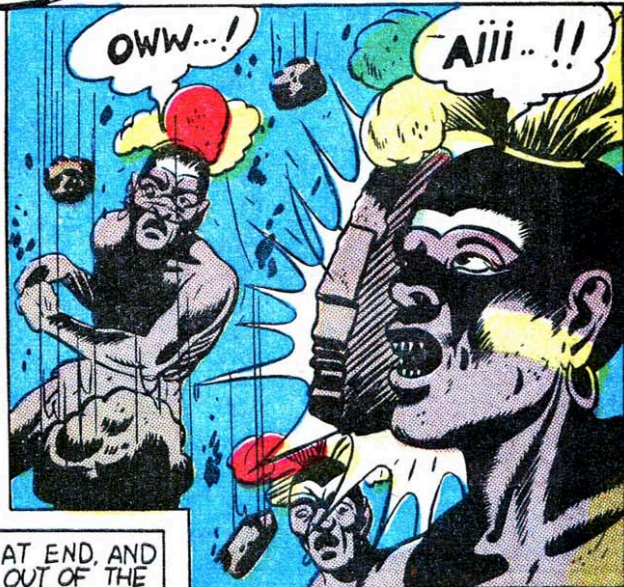


CONGO JACK, REACHES INTO HIS KIT FOR THE STICK OF DYNAMITE

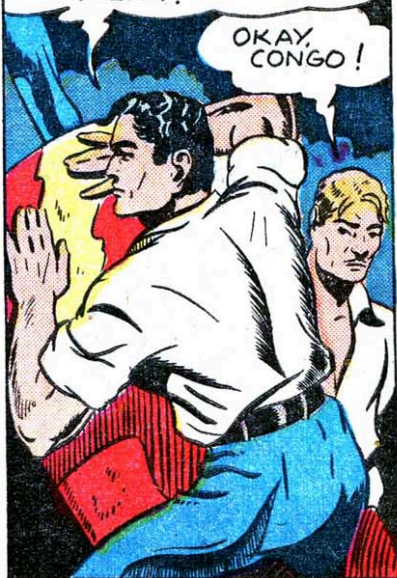


....AND HURLS IT INTO THE BLAZING FURNACE!

GET DOWN ON THE GROUND, MIKE
QUICK!



YOU HOLD UP THAT END, AND WE'LL CARRY IT OUT OF THE VALLEY!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE! LET'S BEAT IT!

TO THE IDOL OF VANGO... HURRY!

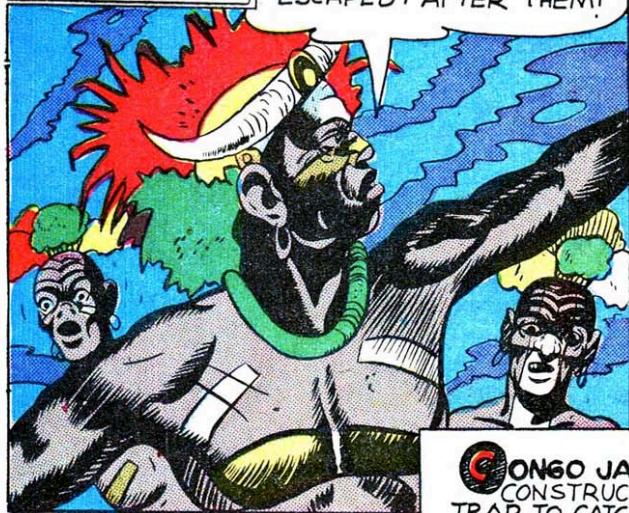


THE TWO MEN CARRY THEIR STRANGE BURDEN THROUGH THE VALLEY!



MEANWHILE.....

WHITE DEVILS HAVE
ESCAPED! AFTER THEM!



THEY HAVE STOLEN
THE IDOL OF VANGO!
KILL THEM! SLAY!



CONGO JACK QUICKLY
CONSTRUCTS A TRIGGER-
TRAP TO CATCH THE LEADER
OF THE APPROACHING
SAVAGES!



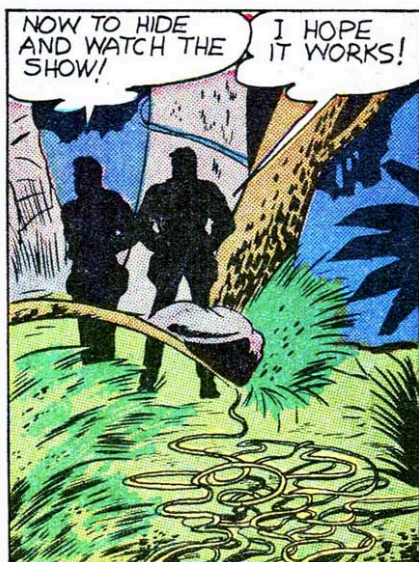
LISTEN.....
WHAT'S THAT!

RAU, AND HIS
SAVAGES ARE
AFTER US
AGAIN!

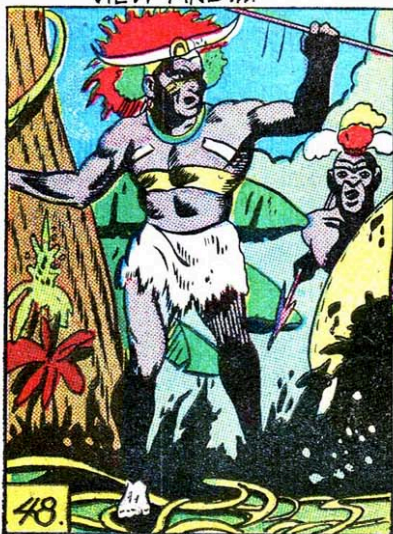


NOW TO HIDE
AND WATCH THE
SHOW!

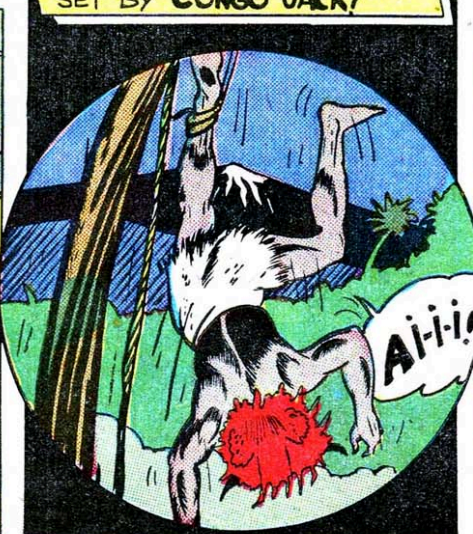
I HOPE
IT WORKS!



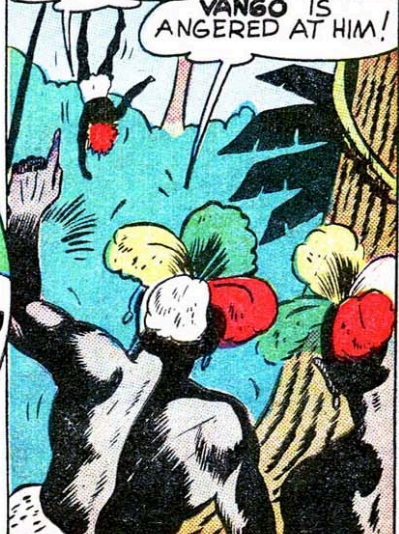
AT THAT MOMENT, THE
EVIL RAU DASHES INTO
VIEW AND.....



HE IS CAUGHT BY THE
CLEVER TRIGGER-TRAP
SET BY CONGO JACK!



HELP!... LET ME
DOWN! RAU IS BE-
ING PUNISHED.
VANGO IS
ANGERED AT HIM!



WITHOUT FEAR, CONGO JACK CONFRONTS THE STARTLED NATIVES!

SEE.....RAU IS EVIL AND VANGO PUNISHES HIM

THE WHITE ONE IS RIGHT! RAU HAS DISPLEASED VANGO WITH HIS HUMAN SACRIFICES!

OKAY, RAU.... I GUESS YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'LL CUT YOU DOWN NOW!



GO, EVIL RAU....WE EXILE YOU FROM THE VALLEY OF VANGO!

THE INCENSED NATIVES DRIVE THE EVIL FROM THE VALLEY!

KEEP YOUR IDOL! WE SHALL TELL THE EXILED PRIESTS TO RETURN TO THE VALLEY!

THE WHITE STRANGER IS GOOD! WE SHALL AWAIT THE RETURN OF OUR PRIESTS!



CONGO JACK AND FARRELL BRING THE NEWS TO THE EXILED PRIESTS!

.....AND RAU HAS BEEN DRIVEN AWAY! YOUR PEOPLE AWAIT YOUR RETURN!

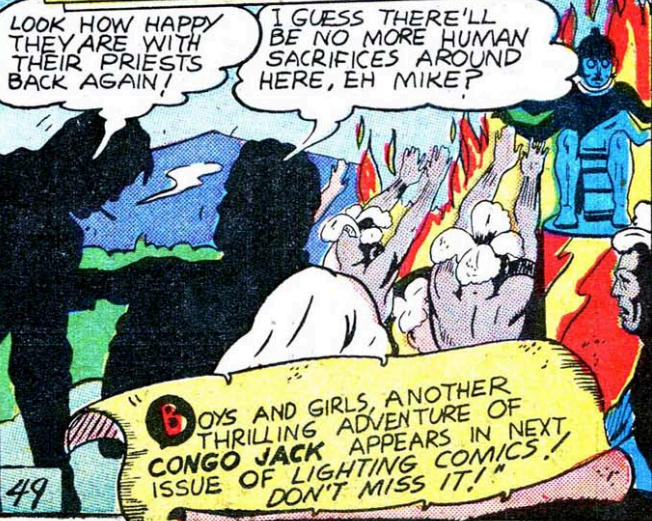
WE WOULD BE HAPPY IF YOU RETURN WITH US... AS OUR HONORED GUESTS!



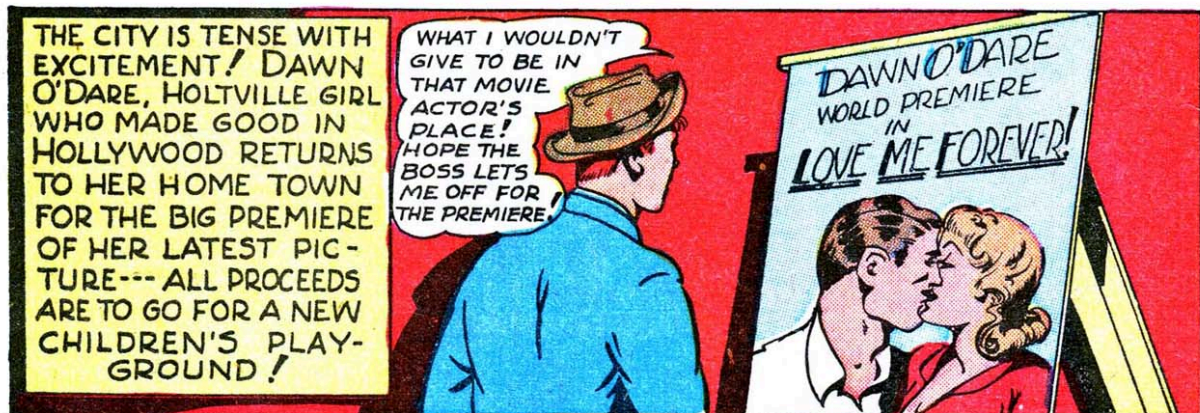
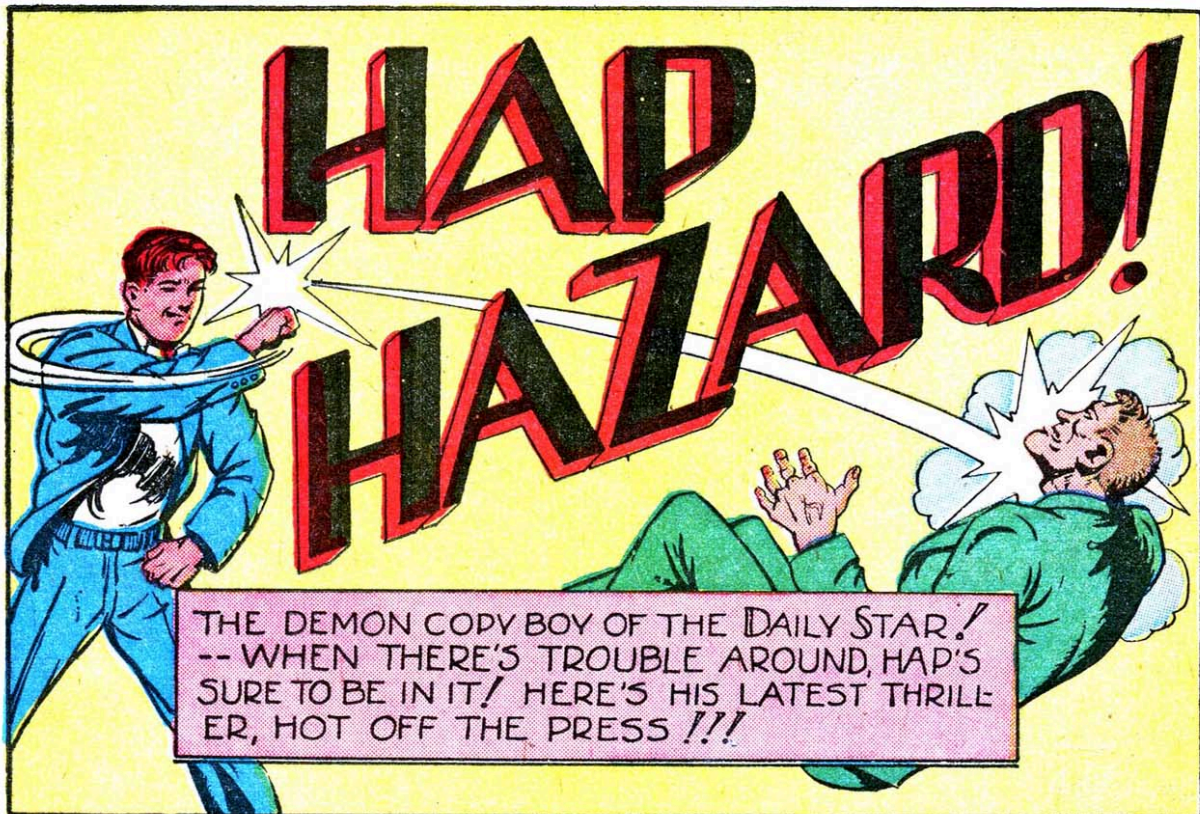
CONGO JACK AND FARRELL WATCH THE STRANGE RITUAL OF WORSHIP TO THE "IDOL OF VANGO!"

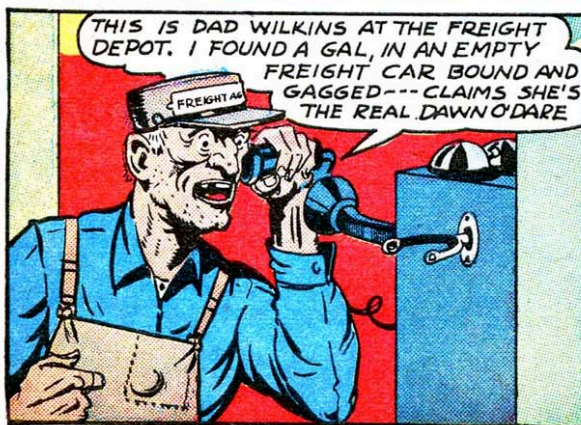
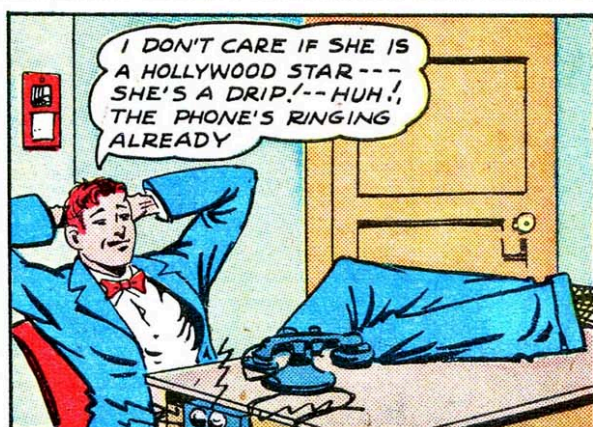
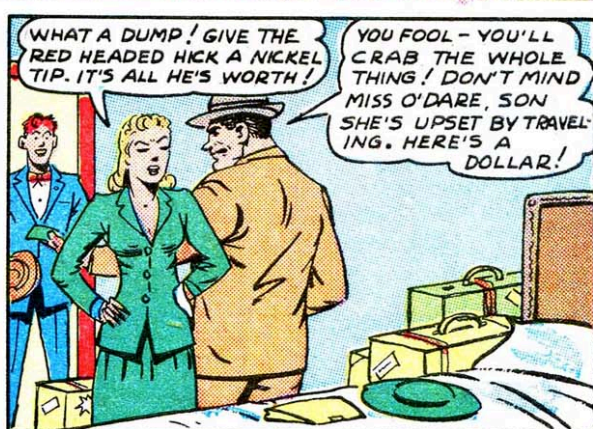
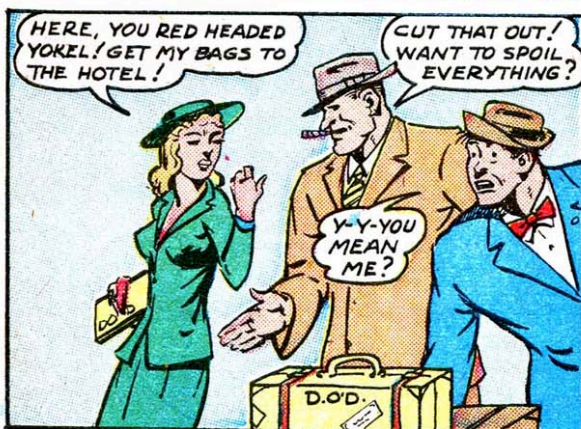
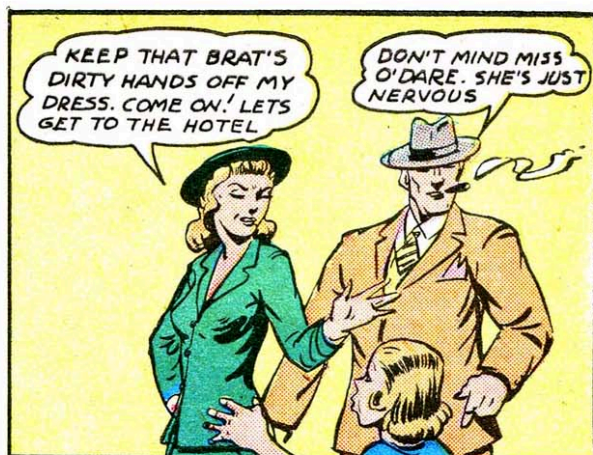
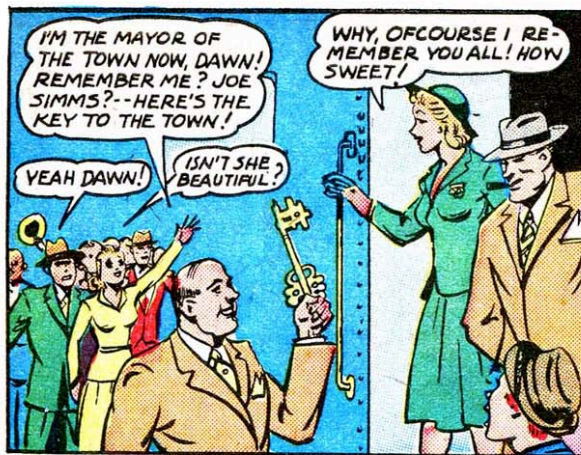
LOOK HOW HAPPY THEY ARE WITH THEIR PRIESTS BACK AGAIN!

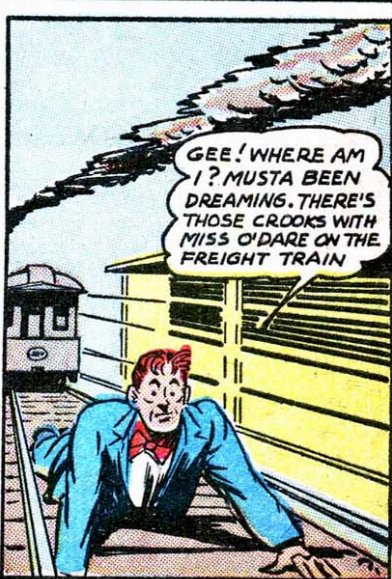
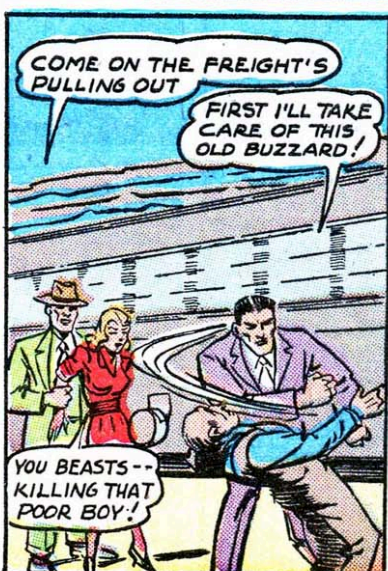
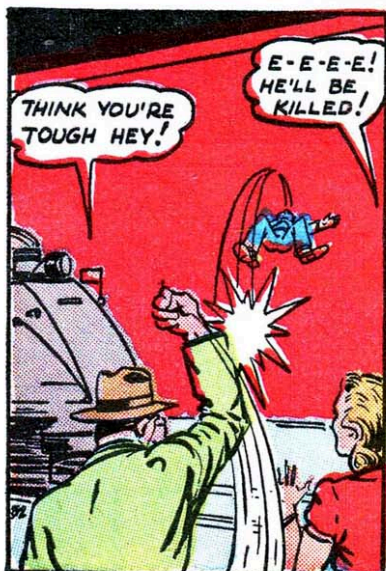
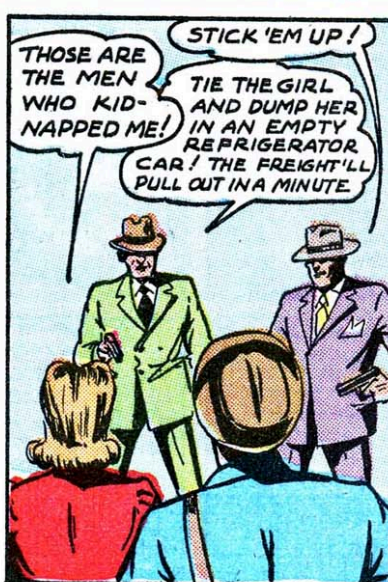
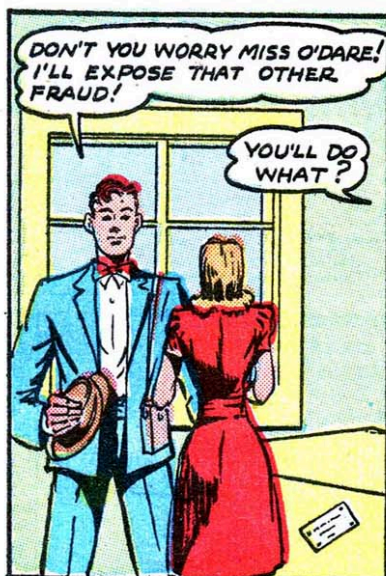
I GUESS THERE'LL BE NO MORE HUMAN SACRIFICES AROUND HERE, EH MIKE?

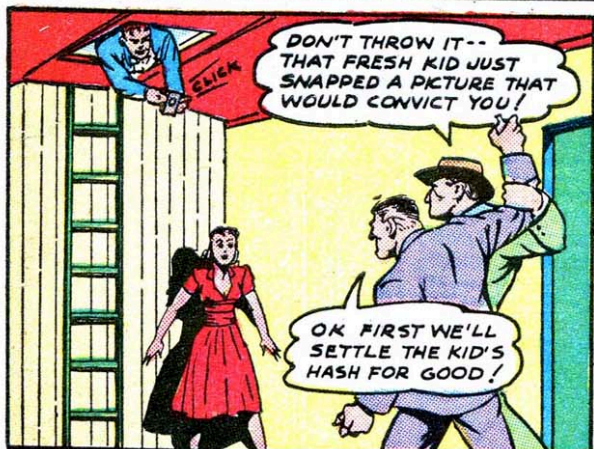
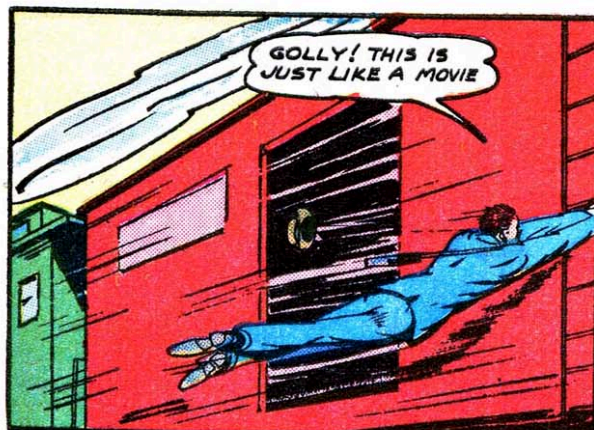


BOYS AND GIRLS, ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CONGO JACK APPEARS IN NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTING COMICS! DON'T MISS IT!

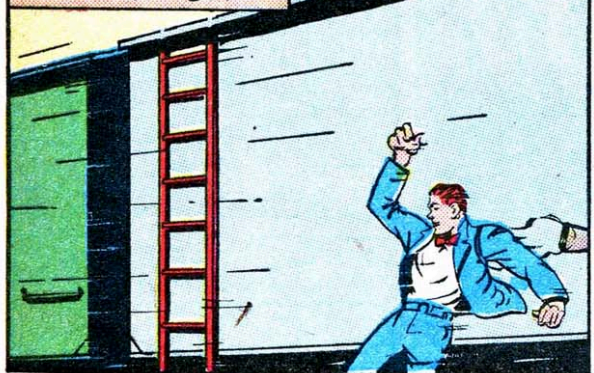




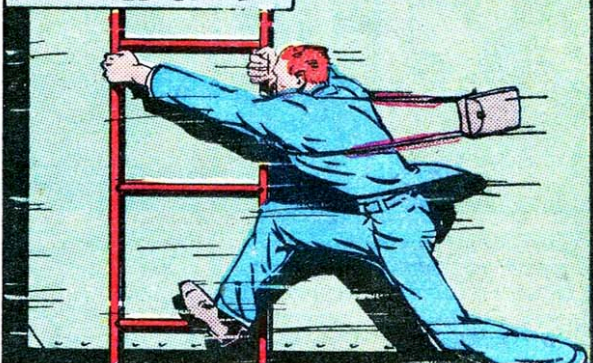




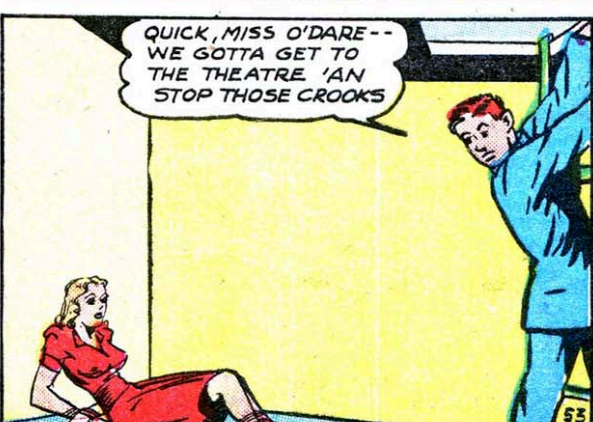
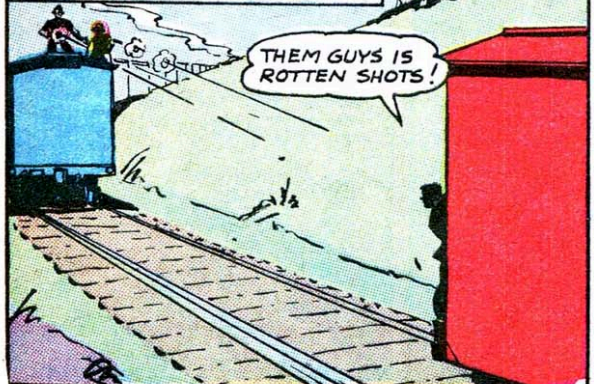
HAP JUMPS OFF THE TRAIN---THE CARS SHOOT BY--- BUT--



HAP JUMPS BACK ON THE LAST CAR IN WHICH DAWN LIES BOUND

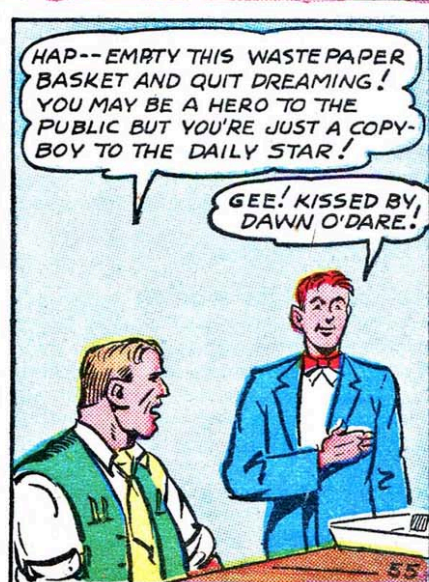
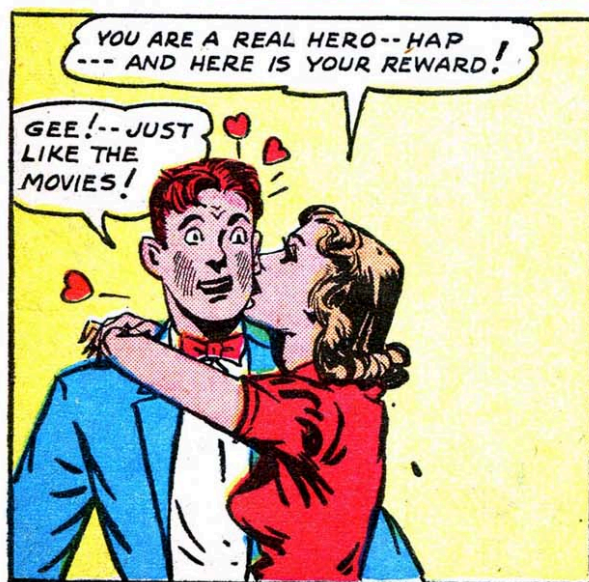
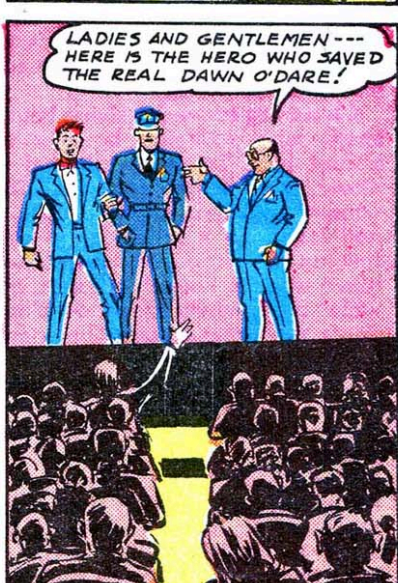
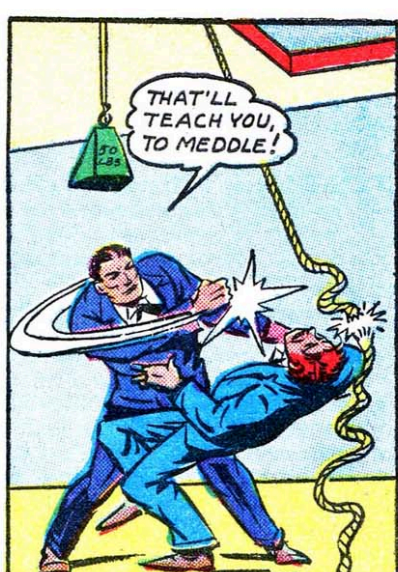


HAP UNCOUPLES THE CAR



MEANWHILE AT THE PREMIERE OF "LOVE ME FOREVER".





DON'T MISS HAP'S NEXT ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIGHTNING COMICS

The Lobo

By Cliff

THE brassy Arizona sun gleamed on the steel handcuffs that manacled the small, lean man's wrists. It made deep, black shadows within his empty holsters. Time and again he turned his thin, gaunt face to glance anxiously back over the surging hips of his sorrel, as if to catch a glimpse of his pursuers in the hazy, wavering distance of cholla and cacti-studded plain.

Before him, and within a mile, rose the brushy carpeted foothills. Deep, sharp-sided gullies slotted twistingly into them. Within their bewildering maze a posse could make a fruitless search for days.

As the sorrel clattered into the quiet coolness of the ravine, the lean rider's furtive eyes darted right and left. Pinon pine and mountain cedar blocked his searching gaze. A mountain jay fluttered past his shoulder, caused him to jerk his head in that direction. Every cflash of the sorrel's hoofs on the stony bed of the coulee seemed to jar him into more rigid tenseness, to sharpen his wariness.

Clattering around a sharp bend in the gully, the small man suddenly brought the sorrel to an abrupt halt. To the right, and about fifty yards ahead, stood a rock hut. With its single, glassless window and heavy, closed door, it stood compact and lonely in a rather large clearing a hundred feet up the slope. A dozen steps to one side of it was a wooden bucket in a tiny, grassy pocket from which a sun-silvered trickle of water corkscrewed down the slope among the rocks.

The rider shot a quick, anxious glance over his shoulder, as if he had caught sounds of pursuit down the gully. Then his cunning eyes narrowed contemplatively on the bucket and the spring beside it.

The thin fugitive shrugged his shoulders, tickled the sorrel with his gut-hooks, rode up the slope. Dismounting beside the spring, he knelt beside the grass-girdled pocket of cool water and thrust both hands into it above the wrists.

The thick door of the hut stirred, opened an inch. The creak of it caused the lean man hunkered above the spring to stiffen, tighten his thin lips.

"Stay as yuh are, or I'll kill you!"

The hunched figure at the spring froze into statuesque immobility. His manacled wrists remained in the cool water. His furtive eyes seemed fascinated with the bubbling spring, remained fixed, unblinking.

"Mebby I'll kill yuh anyway!"

THE voice of the figure standing spraddle-legged in the open doorway was similar to his sinister appearance — coarse, rough, vicious. Tiny, glittering eyes stabbed out from cavernous sockets on either side of a flat, broken nose. Sunlight put stripes of fire into his bright, red hair, glinted on the heavy Colt clutched in his thick, knob-knuckled fist.

The thin fugitive at the spring remained like a statue carved from granite. Not a muscle twitched as the occupant of the hut crunched across the gravelly dooryard and towered above his stooped figure.

"I ain't likin' strange hombres to wash their dirty paws in my spring!" growled the one with the gun. "Who in hell do yuh figure yuh are, anyway?"

The lean one with his wrists in the water twisted his head, peered appealingly into the hard, vicious features above him. Then he lifted his hands from the spring, held them out explanatorily. The sun flashed down on the steel that bound them.

"I'm Pin-Wrist Garret," he replied meekly. "I didn't figure anybody bunked here. Saw this water an' jes' had to have it to get these damn irons off."

The moment Garret stood up, the gun in the other's fist was rammed into his ribs, shoved him back a step. The red-haired one's tiny, piercing eyes glued to the handcuffs, the empty holsters on the lean thighs.

"Don't try to git funny with Jack Smith!" he snapped. "This cocky yarn about gittin' handcuffs off with water—think I believe that? What do yuh really want?"

Pin-Wrist Garret seemed to cringe back. "Jes' like I said, Smith. Some cold water to git these wristbands off. I've done it more than once." He shot a worried glance along his back trail leading out of the gully. "But I guess I ain't got time now. I only had a couple of spare minutes. You used them all up. I gotta push along now until I c'n find another spot—more private. That posse is too close!"

A cunning, reluctant expression dawned in Smith's features. "Wait a minute, Garret!" he barked. "Git in that hut! I'll bring up a bucket of water. Now move!"

Garret instantly hesitated, glancing sharply at Smith. "An' then lock me in, eh?" he chortled, some of his meekness gone. "Bounty hunter, eh? I don't know you, Smith. I'll take my chances along the trail—if I got any."

Smith gave him a vicious shove toward the rock hut and tilted his gun. "Ever hear of Pete Morgan? He's the killin'est an' smartest outlaw that ever hit these hills. Never gits caught, an' there ain't a lawman in five hundred miles with guts enough to hunt him down. He spraddles 'em all out full of lead! Wal, Garret, Pete Morgan's a friend of mine, see? Sometimes when he's on the duck, he stops in my place here for a breather."

Still the frown of concern didn't leave Pin-Wrist's lean face. "How do I know that ain't a stall? An' what about the law bunch tailin' me right now? Even if I could be sure of you, that ain't stoppin' 'em!"

Smith kept his gun level, then dipped the bucket into the spring with his free hand, brought it up brimming full.

"Never mind them," he replied. "This place is like a fort, an' I'll keep my eyes peeled while yuh work. But you're gonna show me how water shucks wrist irons, or I'll blow yuh apart an' turn yuh over to your posse friends! 'Cause if it c'n be done, I'm passin' on the dope to Pete Morgan, my friend."

Garret's eyes pleaded, his lean face writhed with entreaty. "But, hell, Smith, one man can't hold off

Locksmith

Howe

that sheriff an' his men! Let me git movin'!"

Jack Smith sneered contemptuously. "Stop mouthin', yuh jelly-spined rat! I'll take care of any law hombraes that try to bother yuh — that is, if yuh can git them irons off like yuh said." And Smith laughed.

THE interior of the hut was poorly lighted and as badly furnished. Setting the bucket down in front of Garret, Smith's glance went to the fugitive's empty holsters, then to the shackled wrists. Approval shone in his eyes.

"Git workin', Garret!"

Pin-Wrist Garret gulped, then stuck his hands into the cool water. For five minutes he kept them there, explaining in a faltering voice:

"Cold water thins the—the blood, shrivels your hands kinda like. That's only p-part of it. Yuh gotta know how to work the knuckles of your fingers, too. Jes' watchin' me will—will only give yuh an idea how it's done, 'cause it's better — better to have 'em on to understand the bone part. Only I won't have time to show yuh that, Smith." Garret suddenly broke off, shot a terrified glance toward the open door. "What was that?"

Smith gave a scornful laugh. "You're as jumpy as popcorn! Didn't hear a thing m'self!"

Garret gave a sigh of relief, pulled his wet wrists from the bucket of cold water. Then carefully, and ever so painstakingly, he worked the steel band on his left wrist over the back of his hand until it reached the knuckles of his fingers and thumb. At this point, he folded his thumb into his palm. Then with his other hand, he crushed together the knuckles of his fingers at the same time forcing the band over them. Likewise, he freed his other hand.

"Cripes — Pete Morgan can sure use an idea like that!" Smith gasped.

Garret smiled wanly, then stood up. Stuffing the handcuffs into his pocket, he rubbed his wrists and headed for the door.

"Wouldn't mind tyin' up with this gent yuh call Pete Morgan," he said, admiration threading his voice. "Him an' me oughta be able to do pretty good together. But hell, I never git around to meetin' the right hombraes. Besides, I got to be hittin' out of here pronto. That posse—"

Smith's eyes were glowing, as he caught Garret, by the arm. "Listen, Garret, I might be able to fix it with—with Morgan, yuh know. That little trick of yours with those cuffs would do it, I think. But I'd have to know exactly how to work it, see — I mean the bone part."

Garret frowned and pulled away. "Sorry, Smith, but the hombraes in that posse that's huntin' me ain't gonna be waitin' elsewhere fer me to finish makin' demonstrations. I'm rid'n'!"

"The hell yuh are!" growled Smith, yanking him back into the room. "You're showin' me, or I'll slap yuh all over these rock walls!"

Mollified, Garret cast a wistful glance toward the open door. Then pulling the wrist irons from his pocket, he threw them at Smith.

"You win," he groaned. "Put them on, then, an' I'll show yuh."

Smith caught them, stared blankly at Garret. "They're still closed, locked. I can't git 'em on this way, yuh damn fool!"

"I forgot. Give 'em back. I've picked more than one lock with a horseshoe nail."

As Garret took the long nail from his vest pocket, Smith's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Say, if yuh can pick that lock, why in hell didn't yuh do that in the first place instead of soakin' yuhr wrists?"

Garret sniffed contemptuously. "How could I? When your wrists are only two inches apart it's impossible to bend your fingers down so's to pick a lock—especially when the keyhole is on the side of the lock toward your body."

Smith scratched his head. "I hadn't thought about that. You're right."

Suddenly Garret jerked rigid, his eyes stabbing toward the open door. "I heard somethin' that time, Smith! Take a look-see, will yuh? Hell, man, if they find me—" He broke off the thought, seemed to finish it within his mind.

Smith gave him a withering, cynical sneer. Nevertheless, he walked to the door and stood for a moment scanning the gully and the stony trail winding down to the plain. When he returned, Garret tossed the handcuffs to him. They were open.

"Damn if I c'n figure how a mollicoddle like you could git in trouble," mumbled Smith as he snapped on the wrist cuffs. "Now what do I do?"

Garret pointed to the bucket of cold water on the floor. "Yuh gotta stick your hands in there. Remember what I told yuh about thinnin' the blood so's to make your hands smaller? Wal, you're pretty big, yuh know."

Obediently, Smith got to his knees, jammed his fleshy hands into the cool spring water. At the same moment his manacled wrists disappeared into the bucket, Garret calmly reached down and plucked his gun.

Smith paled, cursed. Jerking his fists from the water, he glared hotly at Garret and his own gun staring him in the face.

"What—what the hell is the idea, Garret?" he demanded, the jangling handcuffs blending with the piercing sharpness of his voice. "Put that gun back, yuh little squirt, an' finish tellin' me how to git these damn shackles off!"

"Here's how!" And Garret grinned triumphantly as he held up the key he had used instead of the nail when Smith had gone to the door. "Git up on your feet, yuh rat!"

Smith's tiny, pig eyes became ugly red with fierce rage.

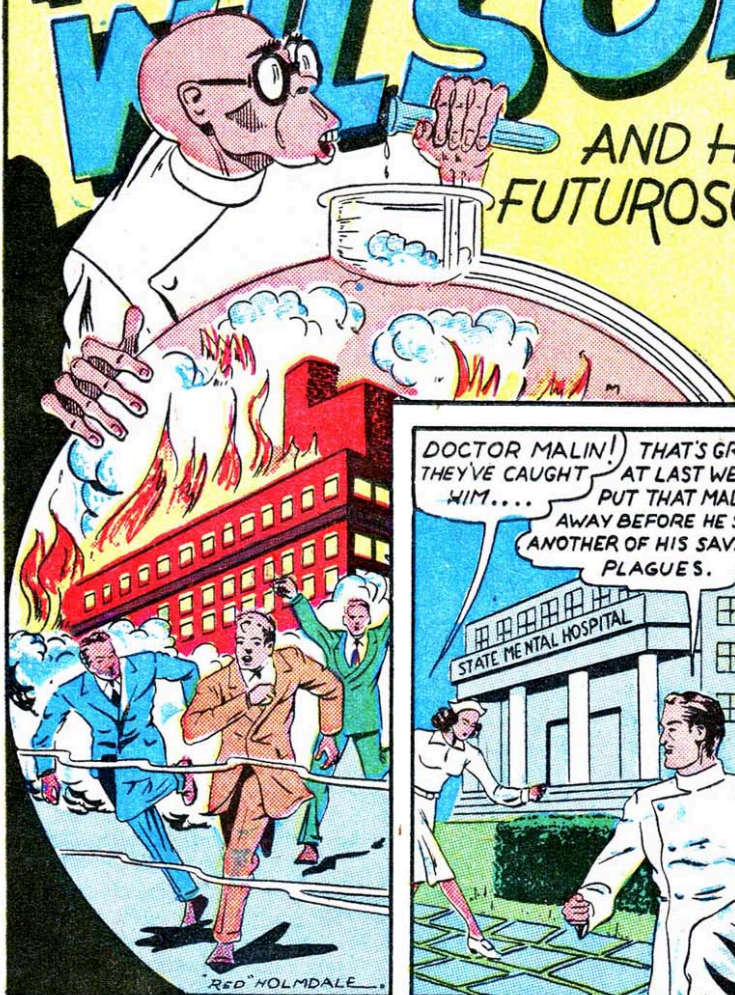
"Why, damn yuh, Garret, yuh don't know who I am! I'm not Jack Smith. That was jes' a stall. I'm the gent yuh wanted to tie up with the killer who never gits caught. Why I can blast a dozen lawmen to dust with that gun any time, day or night. I'm Pete Morgan!"

Garret laughed and prodded the outlaw with his gun.

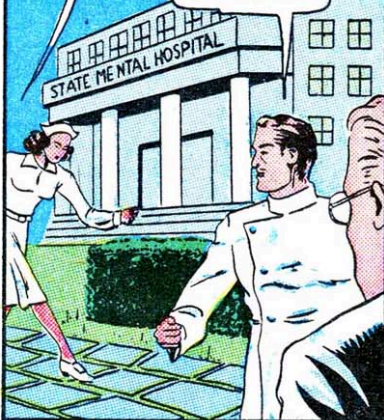
"Now isn't that jes' dandy? I'm Jeff Chambers — the new marshal of Dusty Forks!"

WHIZ WILSON

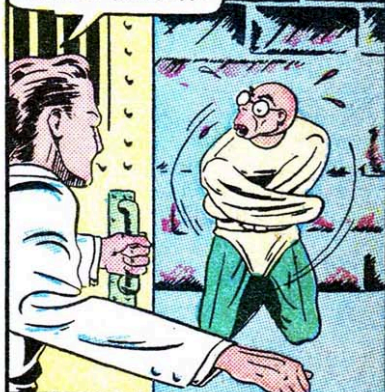
AND HIS FUTUROSCOPE



DOCTOR MALIN! THAT'S GREAT. THEY'VE CAUGHT HIM.... AT LAST WE CAN PUT THAT MADMAN AWAY BEFORE HE STARTS ANOTHER OF HIS SAVAGE PLAGUES.



YOU ASKED FOR IT DR. STONE. WE TRIED TO MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR YOU HERE AT THE INSTITUTION. BUT IF YOU INSIST UPON CONTINUING WITH YOUR MADNESS, WE'LL HAVE TO TREAT YOU AS A MADMAN. LOCKED IN A PADDED CELL...



SEVERAL MONTHS GO BY....

THEY THINK THEY'LL KEEP ME HERE. ME DR. ELIJAH STONE. THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND IN THE WORLD. I'LL GET OUT AND WIPE HUMANITY FROM THE EARTH AND THEN I'LL HAVE THE WORLD TO MYSELF...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER....

DR. MALIN... STONE HAS ESCAPED.. WH-WHAT.. GLORY BE..



NO MARKINGS OR EXPLANATION OF HOW HE DISAPPEARED. WHAT'S TO BE DONE? WE'LL HAVE TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST DISASTERS THAT WE DARE THINK OF. THAT MADMAN WILL HAVE NO MERCY.



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER —
IN A QUIET NEW ENGLAND TOWN...



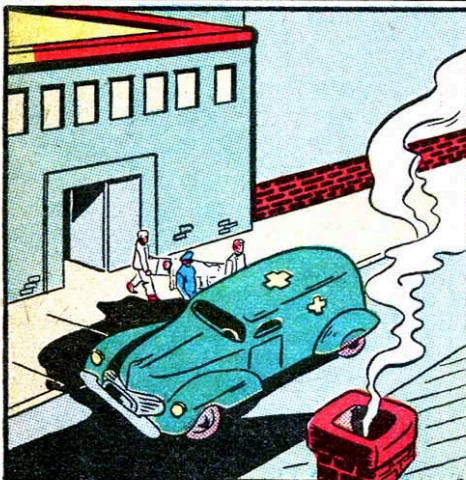
THE PEOPLE BEGIN TO FLEE. BUT THE PLAGUE STRIKES QUICKLY



AND FOLLOWS THEM ON THE ROAD.



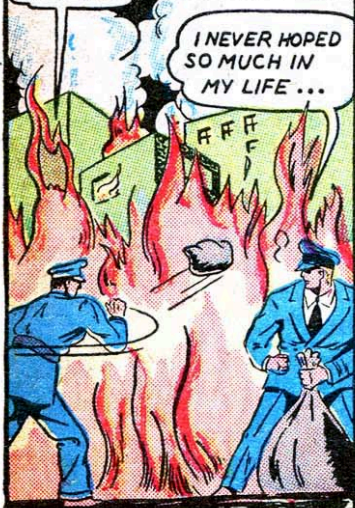
DOCTORS AND NURSES FROM NEIGHBORING TOWNS ARE RUSHED IN TO FIGHT THE TERRIBLE PLAGUE...



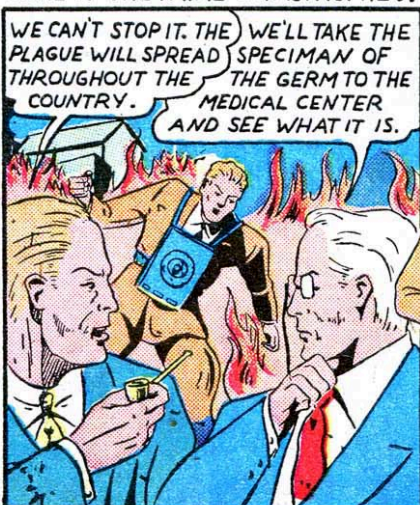
THE GREAT SCIENTISTS HAVE A CONSULTATION. AND...



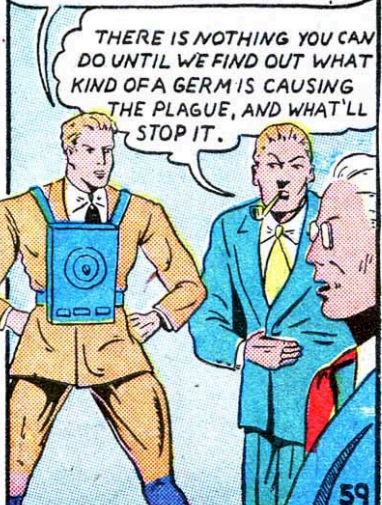
MAN ALIVE, I WONDER IF THIS'LL STOP IT...



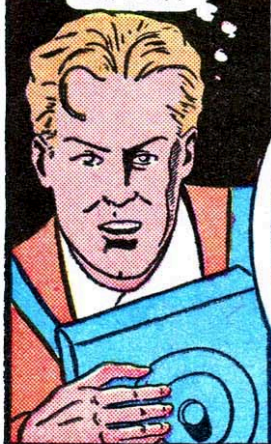
SUDDENLY WHIZZ WILSON ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE FATAL CATASTROPHE...



I WANT TO VOLUNTEER MY SERVICES. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?



WELL I'D BETTER PUSH THE FUTURESCOPE AND GET TO THAT CONFERENCE AT THE MEDICAL CENTER.



WHIZZ PUSHES THE FUTURESCOPE, AND ARRIVES AT THE MEDICAL CENTER

OH HELLO THERE. I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE THE PLAGUE AREA WITH US.



WELL IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HELP US YOU CAN COME ALONG AND HEAR WHAT DR. MENDEZ HAS FOUND OUT. HE'S THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED THE GERM SPECIMEN.

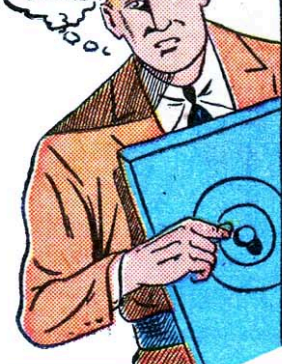
THANKS

GENTLEMEN AFTER CAREFUL OBSERVATION I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE MALICANCROCES GERM IS CAUSING THE PLAGUE. NO CURE FOR IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AND IF WE DON'T FIND ONE SOON, THE ENTIRE WORLD MAY BE WIPED OUT



GENTLEMEN WE HAVE WORK TO DO. EVERY SECOND WASTED CAN BE COUNTED IN HUMAN LIVES.

THE CURE MAY BE HIDDEN IN THE FUTURE



WHIZZ PUSHES THE FUTURESCOPE. AND-ARRIVES IN THE LAND OF TOMORROW.

THERE'S THE MEDICAL CENTER. I HOPE THEY HAVE A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES.



DOCTOR! CAN YOU TELL ME IF A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES HAS BEEN FOUND. I JUST HEARD DR. MORTON SPEAK OF IT THIS MORNING. HERE HE COMES NOW. I'LL ASK HIM.



HELLO DR. MORTON. THIS YOUNG MAN IS ASKING ABOUT A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES. HAVE YOU ANY INFORMATION ABOUT IT?

YES, I RECEIVED WORD FROM THE MEDICAL CENTER AT MARS THAT A CURE FOR IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.



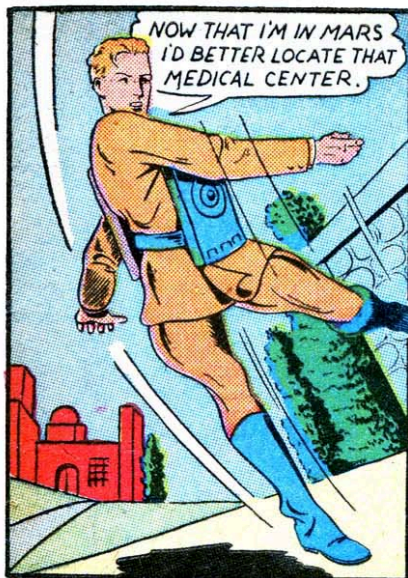
THANK YOU, THEN I HAD BETTER GET TO MARS FAST.



GOSH WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?



HE PUSHED THAT LITTLE GADGET AND VANISHED. WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

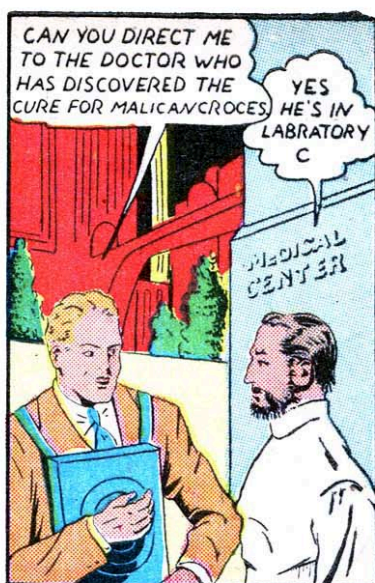


NOW THAT I'M IN MARS I'D BETTER LOCATE THAT MEDICAL CENTER.



PARDON ME. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MEDICAL CENTER IS?

CERTAINLY. IT'S RIGHT UP THE STREET TWO BLOCKS AND ONE TO THE LEFT.



CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE DOCTOR WHO HAS DISCOVERED THE CURE FOR MALICANCROCES?

YES HE'S IN LABORATORY C



I WAS TOLD THAT YOU ARE THE DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERED A CURE FOR MALICANCROCES.

YES I DID. COME QUICK. WHAT DO YOU WANT.



I'M WHIZ WILSON FROM THE YEAR 1941. THERE'S A PLAGUE SWEEPING EARTH. AND YOUR ANTI-MALICANCROCES SERUM CAN SAVE US.

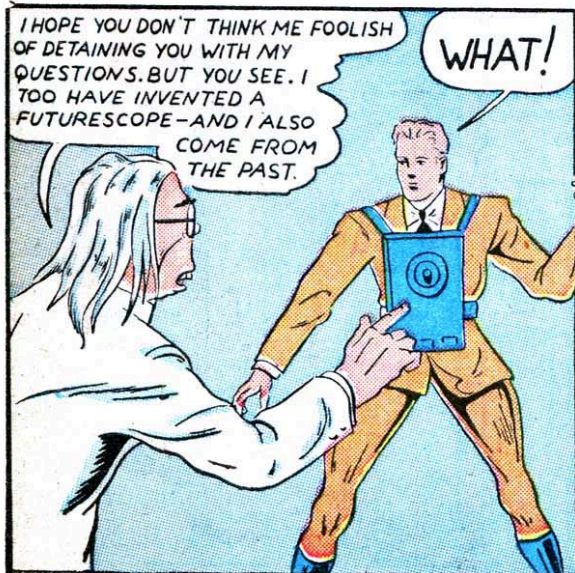
A MAN FROM 1941 AS MYSELF THAT'S STRANGE. I MUST FIND OUT HOW HE GOT HERE.

TELL ME HOW DID YOU PENETRATE THE FUTURE. I'M HIGHLY INTERESTED.



I INVENTED A FUTURE SCOPE THAT CAN TAKE ME INTO THE FUTURE AND BACK. PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME WE CAN GO INTO DETAILS—REALLY I MUST GET BACK TO EARTH WITH THE SERUM.

HMM, SO HE WANTS TO GET BACK TO EARTH WITH MY SERUM.

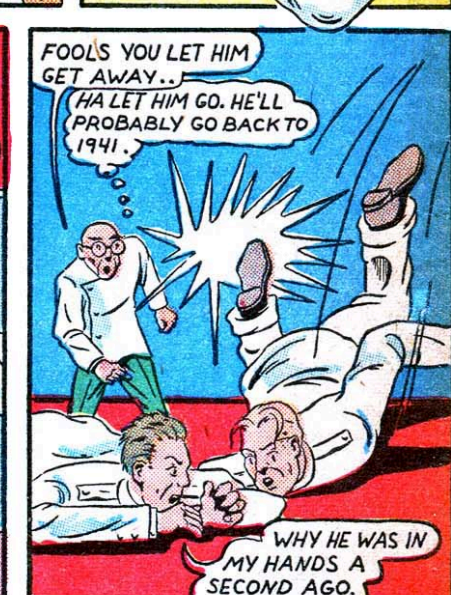
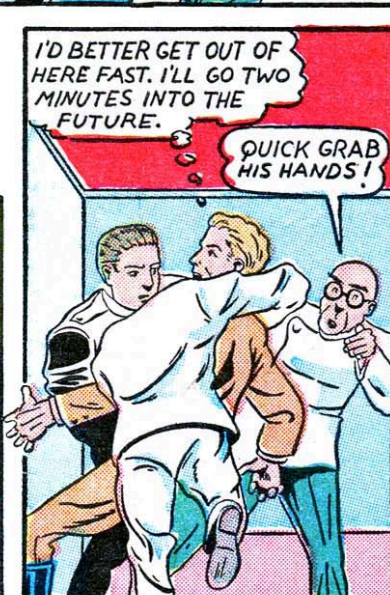
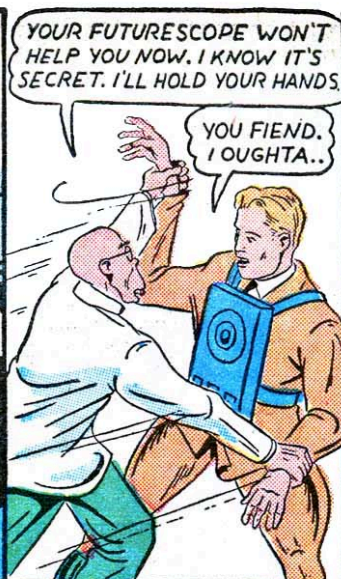


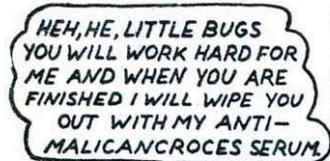
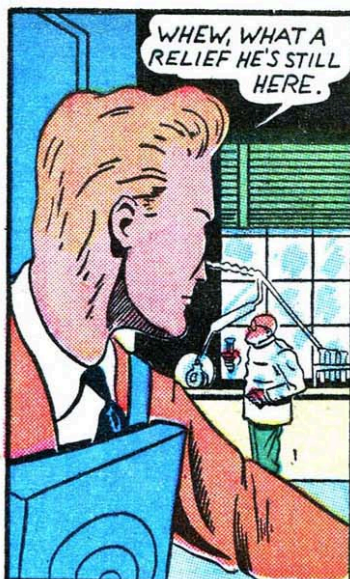
I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK ME FOOLISH OF DETAINING YOU WITH MY QUESTIONS. BUT YOU SEE. I TOO HAVE INVENTED A FUTURESCOPE—AND I ALSO COME FROM THE PAST.

WHAT!



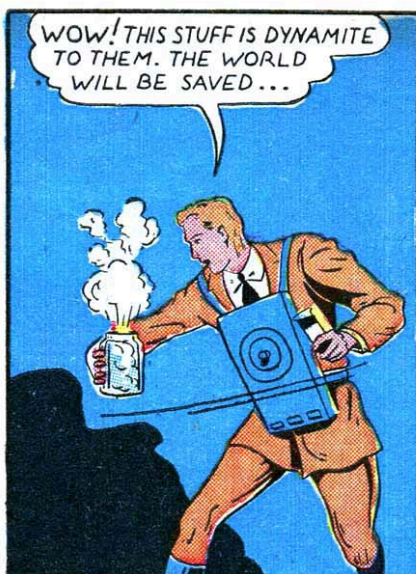
YES... I'M DR. ELIJAH STONE. THE ONE WHO STARTED THE PLAGUE. AND NOT EVEN YOU CAN ESCAPE ME!







I'LL SEE IF IT WORKS BY KILLING OFF THIS CROP OF BUGS.



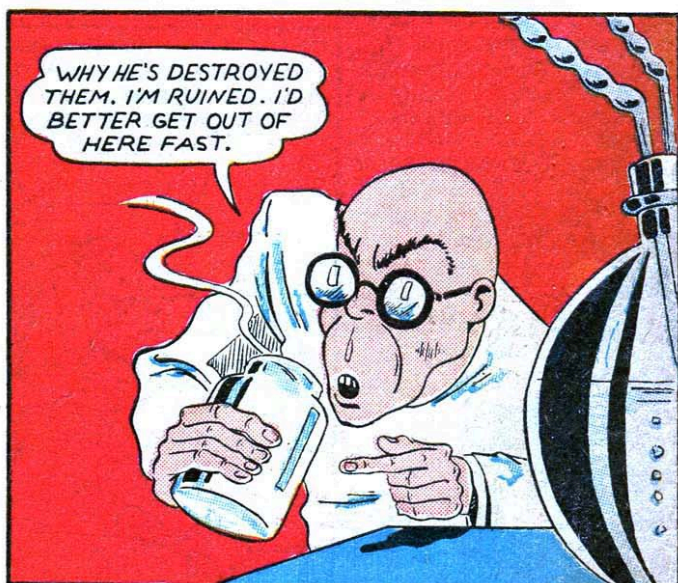
WOW! THIS STUFF IS DYNAMITE TO THEM. THE WORLD WILL BE SAVED...



I'LL DESTROY THIS BEFORE ANY OTHER EVIL PERSON CAN GET HIS HANDS ON IT.



WHAT HAPPENED. OH WHIZ WILSON. HE'S DESTROYING MY FUTURESCOPE. WHY, I'LL SMASH THE BOTTLE OF MALICANCROCES GERMS ON HIM.



WHY HE'S DESTROYED THEM. I'M RUINED. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST.



DO YOU HEAR ME WHIZ WILSON. I'LL GET MY REVENGE. YOU AND YOUR EARTH WILL SUFFER FOR THIS. GUARD! CALL THE GUARD. IT'S TOO LATE TO GET HIM. I'D BETTER RETURN TO EARTH

WHIZZ RETURNS TO 1941 AND EXPLAINS TO DR. MENDEZ HOW HE GOT THE ANTI-MALICANCROCES SERUM....



YOUNG MAN IF YOU'RE TOO MODEST TO CLAIM FAME FOR DISCOVERING THE SERUM, SAY SO. BUT DON'T GIVE US THAT HOKUM. HAW HA.



AND REPORTS THAT ARE COMING INTO OUR PRESS ROOM INDICATE THAT THE PLAGUE HAS BEEN STOPPED THANKS TO WHIZ WILSON

AND IF I DON'T GET DR. STONE. WE'LL BE FACED WITH ANOTHER ONE.

WILL THE MAD DOCTOR STONE FULFILL HIS REVENGE ON WHIZ ??- WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF WHIZ WILSON IN LIGHTNING COMICS.